UNIV. OF MICH.
FEB 1 1900

A COLORED CARTOON WITH THIS NUMBER

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIV.—No. 2250

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900

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THE WATER-CART AT THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER.

DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. M. REAY.

This cart was moved toward the front after the British had been fighting some ten hours without food or drink. It made such a good target for the Boers that it had to be abandoned; but many soldiers, made reckless by thirst, left cover to get water. Several were shot, and some dropped dead from exhaustion after drinking.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(WITH A COLORED SUPPLEMENT)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900

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Mediation in South Africa

IT is evident that President KRUGER has not abandoned hope of foreign intervention, and that he continues to prefer the United States as a mediator. Just before and until the outbreak of the war he invited interference of this kind, and appealed to the world to prevent the "destruction of the Dutch republics." Whether or not Mr. MACRUM, our former consul at Pretoria, bears a message from President KRUGER to President McKINLEY, there is no doubt that the former would welcome warmly an offer of mediation from the latter. There are strong diplomatic reasons for an appeal on the part of the Boers to the United States. In the first place, the mere fact of our being the greatest republic makes us, on general principles, the power to which the Dutch republics would turn. In the second place, it is consistent with KRUGER'S reputed sagacity that he should seek to tempt us into taking up an attitude not pleasing to Great Britain, whose best friend we are naturally-supposed to be. It may therefore turn out that Mr. MACRUM bears a letter from President KRUGER to President McKINLEY, even proposing that the United States assume a protectorate over the South African Republic. This is the news which comes from Rome. It is a most extravagant suggestion, when regarded from the point of view of our own interests; but what we wish to point out is that such a proposition would not be an extravagant one for President KRUGER to make. He perceives as clearly as any American the difficulties in the way of its acceptance, but he is intensely anxious for peace with absolute independence. There is no evidence that the Boers now desire any more than this, although they would probably demand the annexation of a part or the whole of Natal if peace should happen to come as a consequence of Great Britain's defeat. The sooner the peace comes, the better doubtless for the Boers, and assuredly the better for civilization.

As to the attitude which this country ought to assume, the question presented to the administration is difficult. Notwithstanding the Hague peace conference and its treaty, which has not yet been ratified by the United States, it may be safely predicted that nations will continue, for a time at least, to follow the habit of the ages, and to decline to be guilty of what interested parties may regard as officious intermeddling. When intervention between fighting powers is talked about in Europe, it is a "concert," or a combination of powers, which threatens or which is feared. BISMARCK, for example, during the siege of Paris, whose delays caused him much trepidation, did not fear Russia, or Austria, or England alone, nor any one of them united with Italy. He was constantly expressing his dread of an attempt of what he called "the neutrals," meaning all the powers together, to "snatch from Germany the fruits of her victory." In the same way, it was the concert of the powers of Continental Europe that threatened to come between ourselves and Spain, and it was the refusal of England to join, and her threat to co-operate with us if the combination persisted, which prevented any intervention. Going back to a remoter day in our history, NAPOLEON III. was prevented from offering to mediate between the North and the South because England refused to join with him, and because he would therefore have been obliged to act alone. Now it cannot be imagined that a new departure like that of the Hague conference is to change the traditional conduct of nations, and especially to guide that of the United States, which has not yet formally accepted the treaty, in a quarrel between two powers, one of which, in refusing mediation in our own quarrel, has so recently shown us what we regarded as a favor, while the other was not represented at the Hague. We are not discussing now what ought to be our ideal standard of morality when the opportunity of bringing a war to a conclusion is presented to us; we are merely stating the inevitable attitude of the official mind, due to tradition, and, when not to training, to that proper feeling of responsibility felt by all worthy men when placed in power, which prevents them from doing anything that will invite hostility or unfriendly feeling, or even a snub. In a democracy like our own it is always open to the people to change the official mind.

WHEN JOHN RUSKIN wrote the *Modern Painters* he gave a splendid impetus to naturalism. He and the pre-Raphaelites had their oddities, which they enjoyed, and at which the artist and the lover of arts at present smile. But forth from that naturalism came much that is good and wholesome, and out of RUSKIN'S writings has come a clearer insight into art, its standards, its ideals, and its beauties. Perhaps the finest effect is the spread of the recognition and veneration of beauty due to RUSKIN—at least it must seem finest to the mind that rejoices in the elevation of the humble and the softening and expansion of the harder and more practical intelligences. Art holds a much larger place in England and America for RUSKIN'S poetic prose, while his work in the cathedrals, and especially in the Gothic churches of France, has so elevated the souls of many that it may truly be said to have increased the sum of religious sentiment in the world. It is one of the interesting incidents of a visit to French cathedrals in the north that we encounter there so much sincere admiration of RUSKIN among the French peasants who have charge of the buildings. They love and venerate the man who has taught them the beauties of the historic architectural achievements of their race, and through whose inspiring voice they have arrived at a stage of æsthetic development which permits them not only to recognize but to feel the spiritual beauty of these homes of religion and of the people. There is an old woman in charge of the cathedral at Amiens who will talk with you half a day, if you will listen to her, on the virtues of RUSKIN, who, to her mind, discovered the beauties of her church. And there is an old man at Rouen whose care is the perfect Gothic church at St.-Ouen, and whose worship of its charms and its secret has led to a recognition of the priestly character within him, so that he is called Père EDOUARD. On his watch-guard hangs a charm that RUSKIN gave to him, and in his humble home is a portrait of the "greatest Englishman," painted by RUSKIN himself, and presented to the old verger as a Christmas gift. What an immensity of good must have been accomplished by the man who had the power to awaken the spiritual qualities of so many souls that, but for him, would have probably continued to dwell in darkness!

A RECENT communication from Secretary HAY to the House of Representatives, which is just printed, discloses the interesting fact that the government of Hawaii is under the control of the local courts, if the Supreme Court of the islands is correct. Mr. HAY'S communication gives in full three decisions of the court, and they are very interesting. They all proceed on the theory that the old laws of the island are in force until Congress shall legislate, our Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. The first case arose under the provision of the resolution of Congress continuing the customs laws of Hawaii. The complainant contended that Congress had had ample time to extend our own tariff law to the island, and insisted that the resolution was in contravention of the provision of the Constitution requiring that "all duties, imports, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." The court upheld the resolution, and decided that the Hawaiian tariff was properly in force. It also held that, whether territory is acquired by conquest or treaty, the old laws must govern until Congress adopted new laws. The judges avoid the question as to whether the Constitution will ultimately apply, contenting themselves with holding that the Constitution does not put itself into effect at once, and that Congress must have a reasonable time in which to legislate. In another case the court held that a conviction for crime was good, notwithstanding the fact that the accused was not indicted by a grand jury, as required by the Fifth Amendment of our Constitution, and that he was convicted by a vote of 10 to 2 of the petit jury, notwithstanding the Sixth Amendment. In still another case, a civil one, a verdict found by nine of the twelve jurors was permitted to stand. It was legal under former Hawaiian laws, if repugnant to the Seventh Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. Under the resolution for the temporary government of Hawaii there is no appeal to the courts of the United States, so that the question as to whether the old Hawaiian law is or is not in force rests with the judges, and until Congress establishes a government the Supreme Court of Hawaii is the complete master of the islands.

THE character of the AMOS TUCK legacy of $300,000 to Dartmouth College is characteristic of the modern tendency of our college education to become intensely practical. Mr. TUCK, as the President of the college announces, has left the money for the purpose of founding the Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance. The purpose of the school is to teach its scholars the principles on which property should be managed and important affairs conducted. It includes instruction in diplomacy and finance, public and private. Time was when the college was supposed to be a place of retirement, where the mental and spiritual traits of youth were to be stimulated and cultivated, where the reflective and reasoning powers were to be strengthened and the imagination inspired, where what was called a "liberal education" was bestowed, the student being thus prepared to enter into any part of the field of action with all the capacity for his part that preliminary training could give him. But the demands of modern life have wrought a change, and much of the college course is dedicated to what CARLYLE used to sneer at, following his German masters, as the "bread and butter" arts. Nothing so practical as this idea of Mr. TUCK'S has yet been advanced; and if the school is well conducted, we have no doubt that many a young man who proposes to make his way in business may save some years of apprentice-work by means of its instruction. And it is well that the school is to be a post-graduate course, in part at least, and that its practical attractions are not necessarily to interfere with the study of the humanities and sciences.

RECENT returns presented by the Bureau of Statistics show that the United States is, next to the United Kingdom, the greatest seller in the markets of the world, and that we are soon to pass our rival. Since 1875 our annual exports of domestic merchandise have increased from $497,000,000 to $1,253,000,000, or 152 per cent., while the increase in British domestic exports has been only 19 per cent. In 1875 the excess of British over American exports was $590,000,000, but in 1899 the excess was only $34,000,000. In the business of importing, Great Britain is far ahead of us, her imports always exceeding her exports, while the exports of this country are always in excess of her imports. In 1899, for example, the value of the imports into this country was greater than that of our exports by $476,000,000. The account of the United Kingdom was the other way by $756,000,000. The amount of exports and imports does not, of course, constitute an accurate gauge of a nation's wealth, but it is certain that there can be no increase in foreign commerce such as that which this country is now enjoying that does not signify an enormous addition to the aggregate wealth of the people. It is very evident that the time is very near when the United States will be in every respect the richest country in the world. Potentially she has long been so.

SOME of our more conspicuous contemporaries of the daily press have recently given over a portion of their space to a consideration of the humor of Congress. A column or more in solid type of the selected *bon mots* of our legislators has been printed, and, on the whole, it forms interesting reading. There is, indeed, quite as much wit as statesmanship at the national capital. What is more encouraging, the fund of humor seems to be on the increase rather than otherwise; and while it will of course be many days before the *Congressional Record* will be as acceptable to the public as our professedly humorous periodicals, it may be said without fear of contradiction that there is hardly an issue of that journal which does not contain at least one hearty laugh. All of which is a good sign, for where there is clean, hearty laughter there also is to be found sanity, clean conscience, and all other things which are identified with good health and prosperity.

Whatever may be said by carping critics, Congress is, after all, the outward and visible expression of the public mind; and when this embodiment of the public condition ceases to be dyspeptic and indulges in verbal pranks that drive dull care away, we may assure ourselves that there is much health in us.

JOHN RUSKIN

BY JEANNETTE L. GILDER

JOHN RUSKIN was a painter who dipped his brush in ink; a writer who dipped his pen in a color-box; whose prose was poetry, whose poetry was prose.

To name Ruskin suggests Turner, and yet never were two men more unlike in their character and in their art. Ruskin was all spirituality; Turner, of the earth earthy. Ruskin's life was as pure as one of his own lilies; Turner lived the life of a satyr. Ruskin's art was painstaking and microscopic; Turner's art was all for effect. He mixed his colors with a large knife and threw his palette at the canvas. Ruskin worshipped detail; Turner detested it. And yet Ruskin loved Turner's art above all others. It was the inspiration of his most famous book, *Modern Painters*, and one might almost say the inspiration of his life. Ruskin held the glass through which the world saw Turner. It was not a magnifying-glass, for even Ruskin could not magnify the greatness of this man, but it focussed the eyes of the world on a painter whom it might have neglected for a time, though hardly forever. Ruskin brought Turner recognition at once, and incidentally made himself famous.

John Ruskin was born in London on the 8th of February, 1819, but his family came from Scotland, and it was from that country that he inherited most of his traits of character. Not his generosity, unless Scotland is belied, but his simplicity, dogmatism, and uprightness. His nature was that of the Jacobite, and yet there were those who called him a heretic, an unbeliever; but then, there are always those who will call anybody anything that he is not. The origin of the family name is unknown. It is supposed to have been Roughskin, a nickname, eventually toned down to Ruskin.

John James Ruskin, the father of John, was a rich man when his son was born, but he had worked hard for his money. He was, however, something more than a money-grubber. He loved books and art, and painted in water-colors indifferently well. He loved nature, too, and he loved architecture, and he loved to travel and study both. His wife was his cousin, and she seems to have been a woman of character and cultivation. Her influence over her son was absolute, and he was trained from the day he was born—the same year, I may remark in passing, that James Russell Lowell and Walt Whitman saw the light. Ruskin's mother, we are told, "'devoted him to God,' and herself to him." There were no other children, and she gave him her undivided attention. She was a just woman, though stern. It is told of her that when the baby John cried for the teakettle, she let him touch its hot side. After this punishment he cried with pain, but not again for the teakettle. He could not say:

> Who was it caught me when I fell,
> And kissed the place to make it well?
> My mother.

For when he fell down stairs, she whipped him, that he might be more careful the next time. He said, in after-life, that through this heroic treatment he acquired adroitness and presence of mind that stood him in good stead when mountain-climbing, of which he was particularly fond. Toys were kept from him, that he might learn to find amusement in his ordinary surroundings. In this way he cultivated the habit of observation exemplified in his drawings.

Though Ruskin was born in London, he was not brought up there. His family lived, for the most part, out of the town, where the boy could commune with nature, that he loved. When he was about four years old his parents removed to Herne Hill, an offshoot of the Surrey Downs, and there they lived for many years; and it was under this roof that the first volume of *Modern Painters* was written. This same place, handed over in later life to his adopted daughter, he made his home whenever he came to London.

Ruskin was a precocious child, for at the age of four he began to read and write, and he taught himself both accomplishments, declining the old-fashioned methods with scorn. At five he was a pronounced bookworm, and at six he began to write books himself. He learned to print with a pen, and he planned out a whole library of his own writings. At seven he wrote his first poem, which I may say with truth was as good as his last. And yet we are told that he was a child who loved out-of-door life, who knew no fear, and was as fond of fun and pranks as another. While still a small boy his father took him travelling on the Continent, where he wrote copious notes on and observations of what he saw. Mr. Ruskin also travelled in England, and paid a visit to Coniston, where John took a peep at Wordsworth and Southey in church, and recorded in his diary that he did not like the look of Wordsworth at all.

No wonder that so precocious a lad fell in love at the early age of seventeen! For three years he wrote verses and love-letters to a young French girl, who had been a guest in his father's house, and then she married one of her own countrymen. Her English lover felt this blow terribly.

Ruskin seems always to have been unlucky in love. The woman he married did not love him. She was hurried into the match by her parents, as he was by his, and it was not until after her marriage that she met the man she really loved. This man was the late Sir John Everett Millais. Ruskin saw how matters stood before Millais did, and he gave his wife a divorce, that she might marry his friend. This did not break up the friendship between Ruskin and Millais nor between Ruskin and his ex-wife. Later in life he loved and proposed marriage to one of his pupils—a woman much younger than himself—but she decided against him because they were not one in religious matters. When she asked him if he loved God better than he loved her, he said "No." So she said "No" to his entreaties, and closed the door upon him forever. He was filled with bitterness and despair, but consoled himself with work, that panacea for many ills.

Ruskin was educated at Oxford, where he took the Newdigate prize, which would seem to prove that poets were scarce in Oxford that year. After leaving college his father not only bought two of his beloved Turners for the home at Herne Hill, but he bought one for his son's rooms in London, and settled £200 a year on him. What did the young man do with this newly acquired wealth but buy another Turner, which disgusted his canny Scotch father, who thought that three Turners in the family were quite enough. It was, however, the purchase of this last picture that led to Ruskin's meeting with Turner. He knew what manner of man Turner was, but he forgave many of his faults for the sake of his great qualities.

Ruskin was barely out of college when he wrote *Modern Painters*, which is, without doubt, the most read of his books. In America it has been particularly popular. For a time Ruskin was regarded as an inspired critic. Not so much because of his iconoclastic opinions, but because of the beauty of the language in which they were set forth. His defence of Turner is as full of color and fire as one of that painter's own canvases. Here was word-painting indeed, and the average reader as well as the amateur of art read and admired. Ruskin was only twenty-four years of age when the first volume of *Modern Painters* was published; but then, he wrote books at six! Charlotte Brontë said, when his second book was announced, "If the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* resemble their predecessor, *Modern Painters*, they will be no lamps at all, but a new constellation—seven bright stars—for whose rising the reading world ought to be anxiously agape." Miss Brontë did not know much about art, if we are to judge by the specimens of her own drawings that have been preserved to us, but she knew a good deal about literature, and she recognized the work of a master-hand in Ruskin's descriptions. That he was not always fair in his arguments was nothing: his eloquence made his readers forget to reason; they only listened, and hailed this word-painter with loud acclaim.

Rossetti was another artist whom Ruskin admired, and he helped him with deeds as well as words, for he agreed to buy, every year, for a certain liberal price, any picture that Rossetti brought him. Ruskin also admired the art of Meissonier, and shocked every one by buying his "Napoleon" for $5000. As he sold it at auction some years after for $30,000, he was regarded as a pretty shrewd judge of the commercial as well as the artistic merit of a picture. There were some modern painters whom Ruskin did not care for, among them James McNeill Whistler, whom he attempted to snuff out with a word of scorn, as he had Poussin and others of the "ancients." Mr. Whistler objected, brought suit, and was awarded a farthing damages. Ruskin would have been obliged to pay the costs, which amounted to £384 12s. 4d., had not the public stepped in and done it for him.

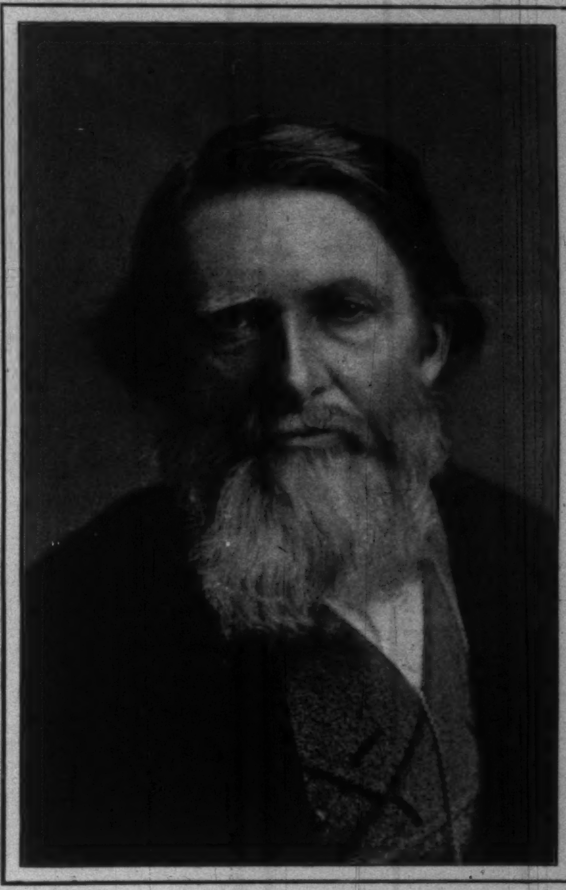
Ruskin's father left him a fortune of $1,000,000, but that disappeared long before his death, chiefly in benefactions. The sale of his books brought him in from $10,000 to $15,000 a year, which was nearly all given away, as well as his capital, but his friends saw to it that he kept enough out for his own simple wants.

It has been generally supposed that Ruskin disliked Americans, because for many years he refused to authorize the publication of his books by an American publisher. This refusal was not based upon any dislike, but merely because he objected to the way they were published over here. In England his books are beautifully printed on fine paper, and they are consequently very expensive. Here they were badly printed, but cheap, and therefore many a pirated edition has found its way into England. A few years ago Ruskin, of his publisher, Mr. George Allen, arranged with a New York house for an authorized edition, which was edited by Mr. Charles Elliot Norton, and for the first time Ruskin was paid a royalty on the sale of his books in America.

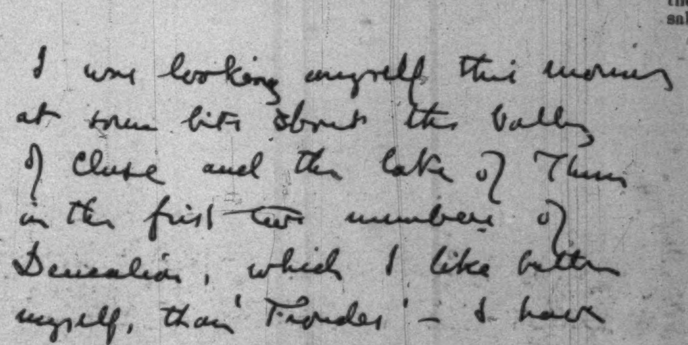
No, I do not believe for a moment that Ruskin treasured any deep-rooted dislike to Americans, for he numbered some of his closest friends among them. Mr. Norton, for whom he had a warm friendship, he made his literary executor. Mr. W. J. Stillman was his pupil and friend, as well as his disciple. He cared very much for Mr. Henry Marsh, the engraver, and when in Venice he made his home with an American lady, Mrs. Arthur Bronson, to whom Browning dedicated *Asolando*. He bought Brantwood, on Coniston Water—the home he loved the best, and where he died—from W. J. Linton, the engraver and writer, who, unless I have been misinformed, was an American. Miss Francesca Alexander, the daughter of an American painter, was a great favorite of his, and when she wrote *The Story of Ida* he stood sponsor to it in an introduction that turned all eyes towards it. To an American friend he once wrote:

> Thank you for your sketch of American art. I do hope that your countrymen will look upon it, in time, as all other great nations have looked upon it at their greatest times, as an object for their united aim and strongest efforts.... I believe the first thing you have to do is to build a few Arabic palaces by way of novelty—one brick of jacinth and one of jasper....

Although it is as an art critic that Ruskin is best known to-day, it is as a moralist and reformer that his memory will be kept green. To man the individual he was sometimes unkind, but man collectively he loved with a deep and abiding love. As an art critic he was not always sound, nor will his theories of reform always admit of practice; but, nevertheless, as art critic or reformer, it would be hard to overpraise the good that he has done.



LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. RUSKIN.



I was looking myself this morning at some bits about the Valley of Cluse and the lake of Thun in the first two numbers of Deucalion, which I like better myself, than 'Fronde' — I have sent them, thinking they may possibly interest Mr Stephens also in some of their glacier talk.

Ever yours and his, affectionately.

J Ruskin.

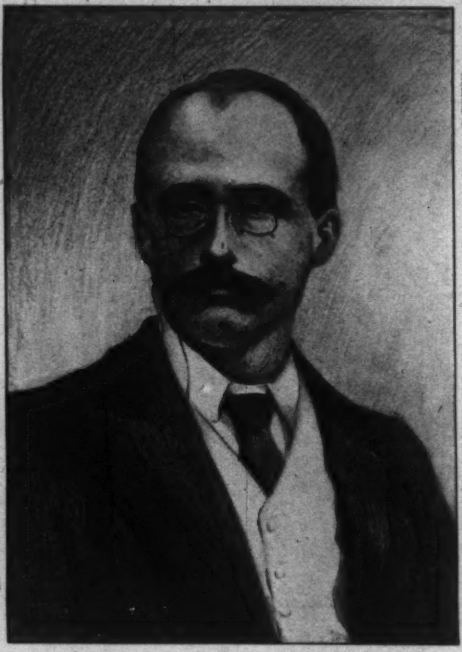
FAC-SIMILE OF MR. RUSKIN'S HANDWRITING.

BATTERY D, R. C. A., PASSING THROUGH METCALFE STREET, OTTAWA, JANUARY 13.

BATTERY D, R. C. A., LEAVING OTTAWA FOR HALIFAX, JANUARY 13. Temperature 6° below Zero.

THE SECOND CANADIAN CONTINGENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

BRINGING IN A BOER PRISONER.
Photograph by Lester Ralph.



GEORGE W. STEEVENS,
Correspondent of the London *Daily Mail.* Died of Fever at Ladysmith, January 20.—[See Page 110.]

BOER SCOUTS.
Photograph by Horace W. Nicholls.

REVIEW OF SQUADRONS C AND D, ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES, BOUND FOR SOUTH AFRICA, BY GOVERNOR-GENERAL LORD MINTO IN FRONT OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.
Photograph by S. J. Jarvis.

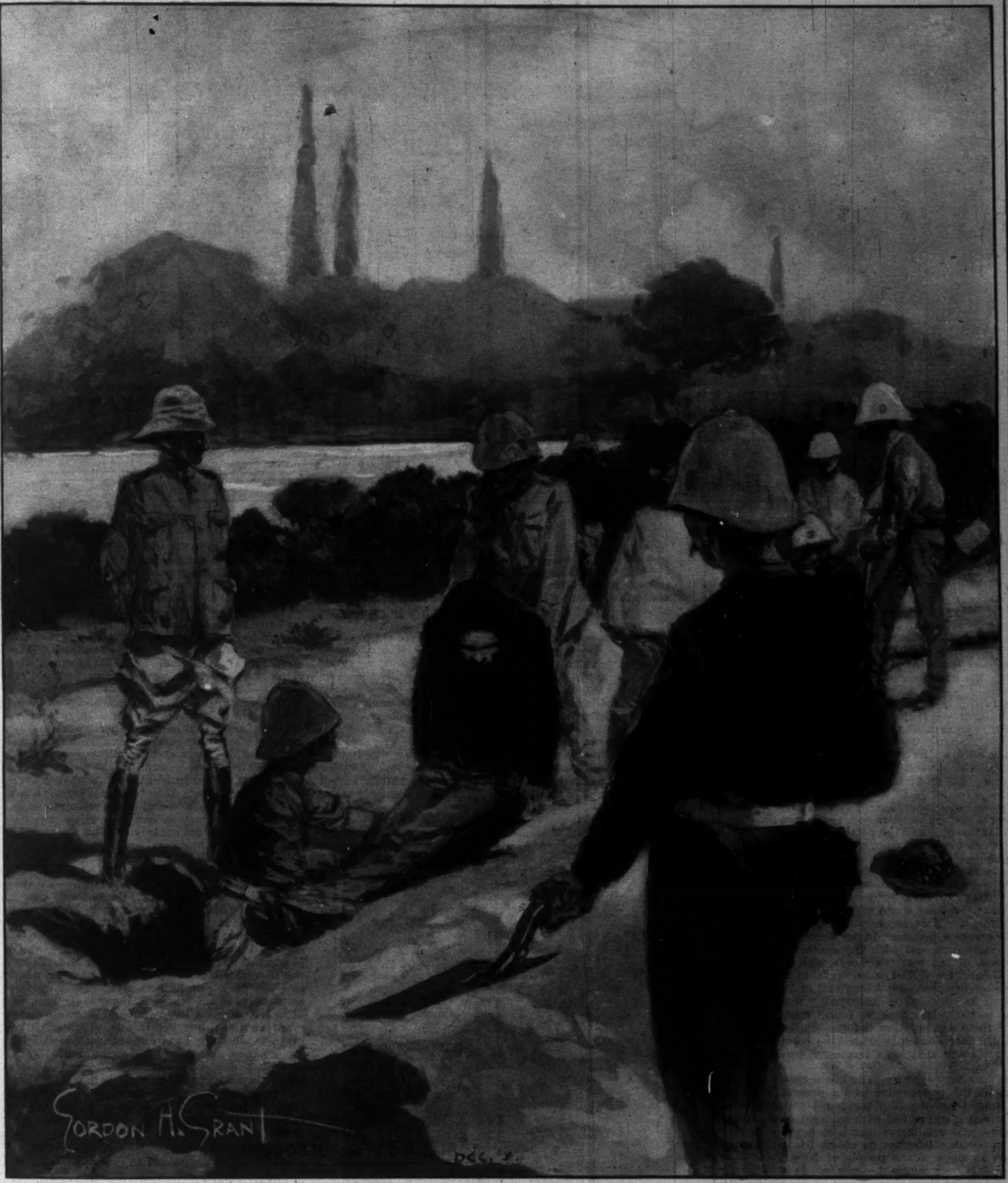
THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—STORMING A KOPJE AT GRASPAN.

DRAWN ON THE FIELD BY LESTER RALPH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

The Boers were intrenched in a strong position, which was finally carried by assault by the men of the Lancashire and the Yorkshire Light Infantry and the Naval Brigade. The British losses in this single movement are reported to have amounted to forty-eight per cent. of the number engaged.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS IN NATAL.

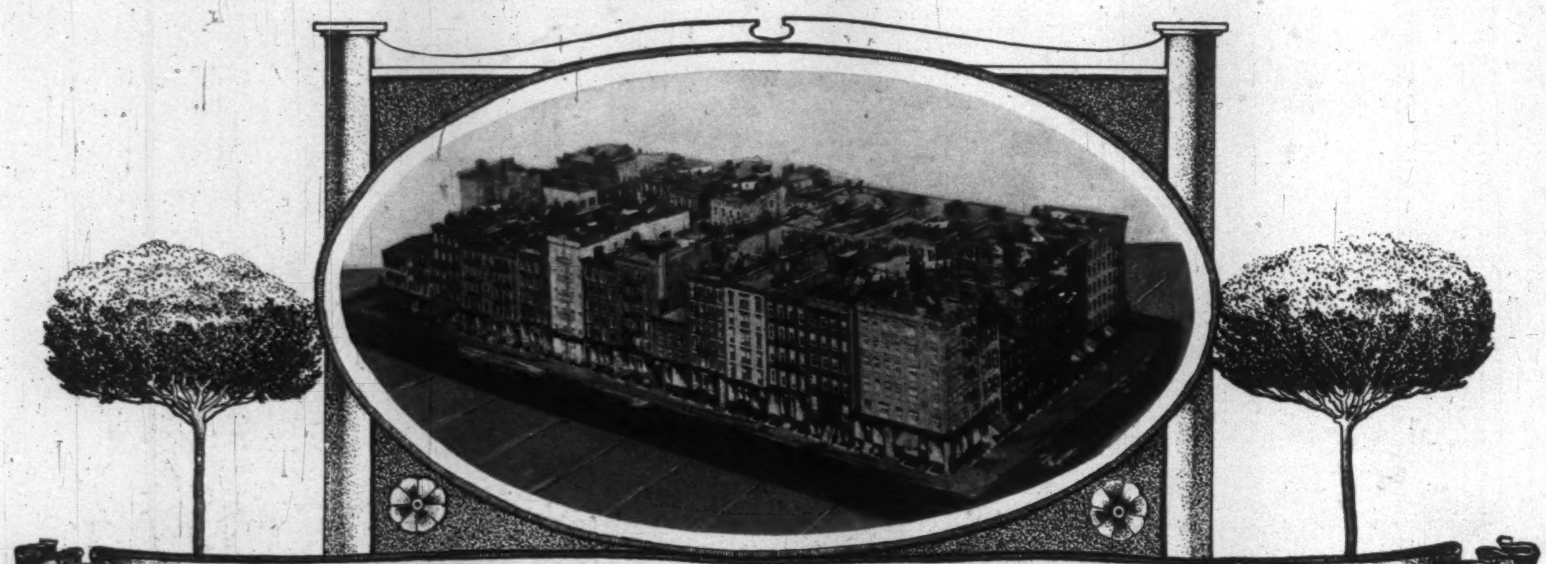
Drawn by L. A. Shafer.



BRITISH TROOPS BURYING THE BOER DEAD AFTER THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER.
From a Drawing made on the Field by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

THE GUARDS LOOKING FOR THEIR DEAD ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BELMONT.
From a Photograph by Lester Ralph, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE TENEMENT HOUSE EXHIBITION

by JACOB A. RIIS

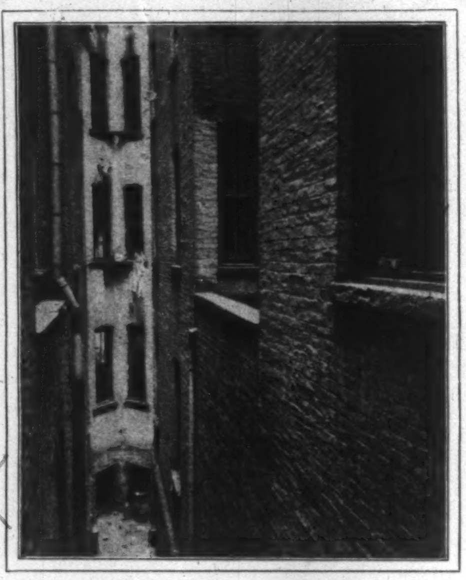
THE tenement-house question is the question of the health, comfort, and happiness of the vast majority of the people in modern cities, and therefore always timely for discussion. It would be a good thing for New York if heed had been paid to it earlier, for it has come to pass, through the over-crowding of our tenement-house quarters—due to the shape of Manhattan Island, the enormously rapid growth of its population, and the consequent difficulties of transportation—that the chief American city has been called by the bad name of "the homeless city." Happily it is not to be taken literally to mean that there are no homes in the houses in which the wage-workers of New York must live. If that were true, our boasted civilization would have achieved indeed by the shortest cut its own destruction. But it does mean that a home can be made only with great difficulty in such surroundings as the "double-decker" tenement offers with twenty families under one roof, and that the difficulty must grow with the years, as the new generations come to whom the name means little or nothing. That is a danger sufficiently grave to engage the earnest attention of the statesman, the philanthropist, and the patriot alike.

Forty years ago we began to see this rather dimly, and, in a moment of impatience with things as they were, cleaned out the Five Points slum. We banished the swine that rooted in our streets, and cut forty thousand windows through to dark bed-rooms to let in the light, in a single year. A long while after we took Mulberry Bend by the throat. More recently still Bone Alley and Kerosene Row were wiped out. In the place of these came parks and play-grounds, and with the sunlight came decency. The worst of the rear tenements, which the Tenement-House Committee of 1894 called "infant slaughter-houses," on the showing that they killed one in five of all the babies born in them, were destroyed. Waring came and cleaned our streets, which he found much as the swine had left them a generation before. Philanthropic builders built model houses, in which the home was provided for, and showed that such tenements could be made to pay.

New York is not nearly yet a clean city. Just now, in pursuit of the programme of its present rulers, it has taken more than one step backward toward the slough out of which it was pulled with such toilsome effort. The tenement-house exhibition that is to begin shortly comes at an opportune moment to check its backsliding. It proposes to show to the people of New York just what ails their city, and where the help is. It is set on foot by a committee of private citizens co-operating with the Charity Organization Society—most properly so, for the truest charity begins in the home.

Citizen effort ever set the pace in our great reforms, and we may be glad to leave it so, without pining for the day when municipal government shall be always abreast of the best thought and the highest ideals of the people. It is enough if it can be made to follow. When the horrors of the old barracks became a matter of public concern in 1879, out of the agitation came, as the result of competition invited by the citizens' committee, the "dumbbell" plan of tenement, with its air-shafts and "courts," which was then considered to be a long stride toward better things.

And so it was; but the better things were yet to come. Twenty years' experience has shown the air-shaft to be largely a delusion and a snare. Instead of bringing down fresh air, it sent down foul smells, and the light it gave, grudgingly enough most of the time, was dearly bought at the terrible risk of fire, that makes life in such a tenement a constant nightmare. Wherever fire breaks out, it makes of the air-shaft at once a huge flue, up which it travels to every floor with incredible speed. The problem set the architects in the earlier competition was how to make the most out of the twenty-five-foot lot. Another such is to be a main feature of the coming exhibition; but it is significant of the change that has been wrought in the public mind that the conventional lot holds but a subordinate place in the plans that have been laid for it. Plans for fifty and seventy-five foot tenements and for whole blocks are called for. The twenty-five-foot lot has practically been given up as hopeless.



A DOUBLE AIR-SHAFT

The exhibition will present not only the good and the bad side of New York, but what other cities at home and abroad have done to meet the problems that are not peculiar to us, but plague all modern communities alike. We shall see what London and Chicago and Glasgow have done to house their working-men decently, and to give their children the chance to grow up into men and women with healthy minds and bodies, which was denied them too long. All the statistics will be there of crowding and crime, of rents that eat up a fourth always of the slim income of the worker, and of those modern agencies of light and cheer, the parks and the play-grounds, the play-piers, the cooking-schools, and the libraries, that are breaking into the slum in front, flank, and rear every day. It is the first attempt that has been made to gather up all the results of forty years' battle with the slum, and present them in a way so comprehensive that he who runs may read. It is not conceivable that the lesson should fail to be a salutary one.

The model of a block of tenements which is shown in the heading to this article, exactly as they stand, fairly presents New York's problem. The block is the one that is bounded by Canal, Forsyth, Bayard, and Chrystie streets. It covers 80,000 square feet, and in 1896 it sheltered 2388 human beings. It is safe to say that its population to-day is not under 2500. In its gloom and its crowds it is typical of all the rest on that East Side, where the population is jammed as nowhere else in the world. The picture of the Riverside tenements shows to what use a block of that size has been put in Brooklyn. Looking from the old slum alleys in the Mulberry Bend to the park that is there at last, it seems a long way, and it was weary travelling often enough; but yet it was worth all it cost. Play-grounds, and big handsome school-houses with room for all the boys and girls who come, stand like mile-stones along it to-day and tell of battles fought and won. Where they are the gloom of the slum has been banished; but there are too many corners where it lingers yet. Until light has been shed into the last of these, and decent living conditions have become the rule rather than the exception in the houses of New York's wage-workers, this campaign, begun with the Tenement-House Exhibition of 1900, is not to cease.

When the exhibits have been shown in turn to the wealthy on the Avenue whose money built the tenements, and to the people of the East Side who live in them, they will go the rounds of the large cities in the country, and will then cross the ocean in time for the Paris Exposition. Eventually they are to find a permanent home in this city, where the committee will continue its work of education and of appeal to the public conscience.

THE MULBERRY BEND PARK, NEW YORK.

THE RIVERSIDE TENEMENTS, BROOKLYN.

THE FOUR WERE SEATED AT A ROUND TABLE IN A CORNER OF THE PALM-GARDEN.

THE ACTION AND THE WORD. *By Brander Matthews*

CHAPTER I.

"IS Mrs. Brookfield considered a beauty?" repeated De Ruyter, the novelist, in answer to the Frenchman's question. "I should say so! Why, there are lots of men who will tell you that Mrs. Brookfield is simply the most fascinating woman in New York!"

"That is what I thought," said the Vicomte d'Armagnac, the sociologist, who was studying profit-sharing in America for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. "She is all that is most charming. And her husband is a man of much talent; he was at the Beaux-Arts for three years. I have seen constructions of his which are very good—very good."

"Oh, she's the wife of the architect, is she?" asked Mrs. Suydam, who had brought De Ruyter and d'Armagnac to supper in the palm-garden after taking them to the opera. "I suppose she came to New York while we were abroad last winter, and she must be the daughter-in-law of the doctor. Now he is charming, if you like; it is worth while to be ill just to have Dr. Brookfield come to your bedside and feel your pulse and cheer you up."

"And he's a good judge of a horse, is the doctor," said Mrs. Suydam's husband, known generally as Jimmy. "That's a well-matched pair of Kentucky bays he has for his brougham. I saw them on the Avenue to-day, and I said to myself that the man who picked them out knew what he was about."

"But yes, the doctor is a man very amiable," the Frenchman agreed. "It is a house very agreeable; they have been very genteel for me. And the young Mrs. Brookfield is exquisite."

"I know the doctor, and he's a dear," Mrs. Jimmy Suydam returned. "I've known him ever since I can remember, and of course I've met his son. But this Mrs. Evert Brookfield—how is it I don't know her? Who was she?"

The four of them were seated at a round table in a corner of the palm-garden. It was after midnight of a Friday early in December, and the room was full of people who had been to the opera and to the theatre. The well-dressed women—a little too much bejewelled, some of them—seemed to know one another, and exchanged smiles now and then from table to table. They were stared at intently by the stray couples here and there who had apparently come in from the country to see the sights of the town, and who could hardly eat what they had ordered, so interested were they in the spectacle about them.

"Who was Mrs. Brookfield?" repeated De Ruyter, who keenly relished luxury, and who enjoyed being at supper with a social leader like Mrs. Jimmy. "She was a St. Louis girl, I believe, and Evert met her at Narragansett Pier when he was building old Joshua Hoffman's house. She was a Miss Sanchez—Spanish-creole stock, I suppose; and it's a fact that she has the tiny foot of the creole and the supple creole walk. But she has very light hair for a creole."

"There are also blondes in Spain," the Frenchman interjected; "but Mrs. Brookfield is not really a blonde, only when the sun makes shine the gold of her hairs."

"You would call her a brunette, then?" De Ruyter asked. "Perhaps you are right, but I have thought of her as rather fair-headed."

"If that was she I saw in the brougham with the doctor to-day," Jimmy Suydam broke in, "and I guess it was, from what you say, well, she has hair the color of old-fashioned molasses candy, only a little darker, maybe. And she's a good looker, too; I caught a flash out of those black eyes of hers—Jove!" And in default of adequate words of expression, Mr. Suydam took up his glass of champagne and emptied it.

"But her eyes are not black," the vicomte declared. "They are brown."

"Dark green, I should say," De Ruyter asserted.

Mrs. Suydam laughed gently. "What's the matter with her eyes that you men can't agree about them?"

"She has fine eyes, I assure you," d'Armagnac answered. "Perhaps they change in color—that has been seen; it is even very amusing."

As he said this the Frenchman looked at Mrs. Suydam with interest. He had a wide experience of women, and he had early perceived that Mrs. Suydam was so secure in her own beauty, with its calm and sedate regularity, that she was above petty jealousy of another woman's looks. He fitted into his eye the single glass that hung from his neck by a black ribbon, and he wondered how soon she would weary of this laudation of Mrs. Brookfield.

"Her eyes are all right," persisted De Ruyter, whose perceptions were grosser than d'Armagnac's. "And she can do execution with them even out of the window of a coupé, can't she?" And he looked toward Suydam.

"Oh, Jimmy is no judge of beauty!" his wife declared.

"Oh, madame," said d'Armagnac, "how can you say that, when you are the living proof?"

"Thank you," she returned, placidly, "but I know what I mean. Why, I've even heard him call a shop-girl pretty!"

"She was pretty, too!" maintained Jimmy.

"But the shop-girl was not as pretty as this Mrs. Brookfield, was she?" retorted his wife, with the grave smile that was so becoming to her.

Suydam knew his wife's moods, and made no reply.

De Ruyter was less tactful. "It isn't that Mrs. Brookfield is so very pretty, either," he began again, "though she has a certain irregular beauty of color rather than of line. But she is fascinating, that's what she is; and fascination is often independent of mere looks."

"That is true," commented the Frenchman. "Beauty is one thing and charm is another."

"All this does not explain to me how it is I haven't happened to meet this paragon of yours," said Mrs. Suydam. "Even if she is a creole from St. Louis, she has married into a good family here. Evert Brookfield used to go everywhere when he first came back from Paris. How is it I haven't seen her? That is a little queer, isn't it?"

"Did you say her name was Sanchez?" asked Jimmy. "Then maybe she's a daughter or a niece or something of that old Sanchez who had a stock-farm in the blue-grass country?"

"She is his granddaughter, I think," the novelist explained.

"He raised the off leader of the four-in-hand I showed last month," said Suydam. "Dead now, ain't he?"

"Yes; he died just after the Brookfields were married," De Ruyter answered. "She was at the Pier two years ago, and Evert met her there, and they were engaged before the summer was over. They couldn't be married till February, and old man Sanchez died while they were off in Mexico on their wedding-tour. She was devoted to him, and I think she is rather emotional anyhow, so she put on heavy mourning, and she wouldn't go anywhere all that spring. In the summer they went to Europe—not the London season, but the midnight sun, and that sort of thing. Then her baby was born just about a year ago. Evert meant to give a series of dinners so that she might meet people, but the baby wasn't quite right, and Dr. Brookfield sent them off to Florida as soon as she was able to get around."

"So she has a baby, too?" said Mrs. Suydam, and for the first time there was a shade of envy in her voice.

"And a fine little fellow he is," De Ruyter responded. "This winter he's doing very well, so Evert has been able to bring his wife out, and she is getting to know people. I shouldn't wonder if she was the success of the winter."

"Then perhaps I had better make her a patroness of the entertainment I've got to get up for the working-girls," said the lady.

"Mrs. Suydam is now the president of the Working-girls' Rest and Recreation League," De Ruyter explained to the Frenchman.

"I know, I know," d'Armagnac declared; "and it is very curious, this alliance of the—how do you say it?—of the Faubourg St.-Germain and of the Faubourg St.-Antoine."

"In London they talk about St. James's and St. Giles's," the novelist responded. "Here in New York I suppose that the proper antithesis is between Fifth Avenue and the Five Points."

"My working-girls don't live in the Five Points, thank you," said Mrs. Suydam, quietly. "They would scorn such a suggestion."

De Ruyter had written more than one story of the East Side, but his acquaintance with its society was external only; and he now suspected that perhaps his hostess had discovered this. He changed the subject.

"And what kind of an entertainment are you going to give this year?" he asked.

"We haven't an idea in our heads," she answered. "Everything has been done. They even had a fair last year, you know; there is no depth to which we are not willing to descend for charity. Can't you suggest something new? You are so clever, and you ought to help us."

The young author, thus directly complimented, felt the awkwardness of this unexpected trial of his wits.

"Really, I haven't an idea either"—he hesitated—"that is, I haven't one now. Maybe I can think of something; but, as you say, everything has been done to death."

"Oh, I say," broke in Jimmy Suydam, cutting into the canvas-back which the waiter had just given to him, "this food is really too filthy! Here, take that away, and tell Oscar I don't want my duck baked!"

As the waiter removed the plate obsequiously, Mrs. Suydam said to De Ruyter: "He's getting so particular now about his cooking. He sends for the chef and has long consultations—almost as long as those he has with the coachman."

"The chef is all right," explained her husband, "but I'm going to get another coachman next season in London. This one is too careless. Why, he actually let me take my coach round the horse show with the lazy-backs down! Did you ever hear of such a thing? I'd have sacked him that night, if I'd known where to get another as good."

Mrs. Suydam was not paying any attention to her husband; she was gazing across the room toward the entrance. A man and a woman had just entered, and were now looking for a vacant table.

"Is that your Mrs. Brookfield?" she asked. "The man with her is Evert Brookfield, and she has molasses-candy hair."

The men looked up with interest.

"That's the one I saw in the brougham," answered Jimmy. "Stunning, ain't she?"

"Bigre!" said the Frenchman; "elle est bien en beauté ce soir!"

"I don't think it's her beauty really that makes her so fetching," De Ruyter declared, as a waiter conducted husband and wife to a table in the corner beyond the Suydams. "I know lots of prettier women, after all—not that she isn't good-looking enough in her own way."

As Evert Brookfield took his seat by the side of his wife, he glanced up and saw that Mrs. Suydam was looking at him. He bowed cordially, and his wife nodded gayly to d'Armagnac and De Ruyter, flashing a brilliant smile at them. She seemed to be in high spirits as she and her husband put their heads together over the bill of fare.

Mrs. Suydam made a cheerful examination of Mrs. Brookfield.

"Yes," she asserted, "she has fine eyes, and some people might think her hair pretty; but she is not a tearing beauty, as they say in England."

"No; she isn't," De Ruyter answered. "She's worse than that."

Mrs. Suydam looked at him for an explanation.

"What I mean is that she is more dangerous than a merely pretty woman," he continued. "If a man was talking to your tearing beauty, and Mrs. Brookfield looked at him across the room, he'd have to leave his tearing beauty *plantée-là*, as the vicomte here would say, and he'd go over to Mrs. Brookfield in spite of everything. He just couldn't help it."

"C'est çà," d'Armagnac added. "Elle a quelque chose de très-particulier. Ce n'est pas un type Anglo-Saxon, il me semble."

"No; it isn't an American type, or an English type, either," the novelist explained. "It's Southern—Latin—creole; it's richer and suaver than any Northern type. Did you notice that undulating walk of hers? She seemed simply to swim across the room."

"Perhaps she learned to swim at Narragansett," said Mrs. Jimmy, with a hard little laugh. "It seems she made Evert Brookfield swim after her. Quite a romance, wasn't it? Now he is a handsome man, if you like, with a figure any woman is glad to look at."

"Evert Brookfield?" returned her husband. "Yes; he ain't bad-looking, and he's a nice fellow, too. He used to play a good game of polo before he got his growth; he's too big now."

"He is one of the finest-looking men in New York," declared Mrs. Suydam—"tall and strong and clean—you know what I mean—and he carries himself so well."

A dapper young man, with an eager expression on his thin face, had entered the room, and was going over to the corner where the Brookfields sat.

"There's Gurney Twiss!" cried De Ruyter. "I'd forgotten all about it, but to-night was the opening performance of his Amateur Club, and Mrs. Brookfield was to make her first appearance."

"So she acts too, does she?" remarked Mrs. Suydam, as she returned the dapper young man's bow.

In his enthusiasm the amateur actor could not resist the desire to overflow. He turned aside to Mrs. Jimmy's table.

"Oh, Mrs. Suydam," he began, "I'm so sorry you were not there to-night!"

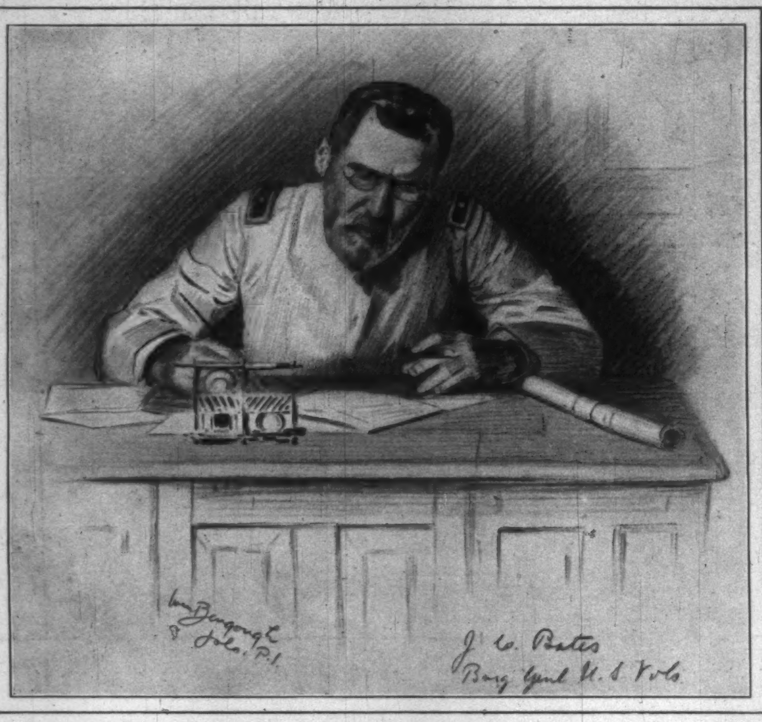
"Was it such a great success?" she asked, with her coldly pleasant smile.

"I see you have snow on your back hair," said De Ruyter. "I hope that doesn't mean that your performance was a frost?"

"A frost?" echoed Twiss, too polite to express his violent disapproval of this suggestion. "Nothing of the sort, I assure you. It was really a great success—a very great success indeed! And although I say it, who shouldn't, I don't believe the 'Happy Pair' ever went better anywhere—not even with professionals."

"And who were the happy pair?" asked Mrs. Suydam; "you and Mrs. Brookfield?"

"Yes; and she was ever so good," declared the young fellow. "She's inexperienced, of course, and I had to coach her in the business of the part and all that sort of thing. But she's got it in her, you know. She's got real *abandon*, that's what she's got. She let herself go."



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. C. BATES.

AUTOGRAPH SKETCH FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," U. S. ARMY HEADQUARTERS, JOLO, P. I., NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

General Bates commands the new Military District of Mindanao and Jolo—a vast expanse of almost unknown island country. He has added three degrees of latitude to the possessions of the United States without the loss of a single American, and has made himself respected by the natives through his just and courteous firmness.

"I conceive that," commented the Frenchman, gravely, as became one who took the art of the stage seriously. "She has temperament, I doubt not."

"She is going to be the very best amateur actress in New York before the winter is over," Twiss asserted; "you see if she isn't. I'm going to try to get her to do *Frou Frou* some day."

"So that you can play the husband?" De Ruyter asked.

"The husband? Oh dear no," replied Twiss, with a deprecatory gesture. "That's too heavy for me. But *Valréas*, now—I've always wanted to play *Valréas*. I think there is a lot more in *Valréas* than anybody ever got out of it—even professionals."

"And that is the reason you think Mrs. Brookfield can play *Frou Frou*?" asked Mrs. Jimmy, with a smile so sweet that d'Armagnac had no right to suspect a sarcasm.

"Mrs. Brookfield can play anything!" was the emphatic answer. "She's so charming, she couldn't fail. Really, Mrs. Suydam, it's a thousand pities you were not there to-night. I know you would have enjoyed it."

"I enjoy hearing you talk about it now," was her laughing answer; and the amateur actor laughed back and took his leave, going along to the Brookfields, where a chair was waiting for him.

At the Suydams' table the waiter passed cigars and cigarettes.

"We smoke here, then?" asked d'Armagnac.

"Oh yes," Mrs. Jimmy answered. "I don't mind. I'm used to it now. And this is a palm-garden, you know."

"Since you permit," the vicomte returned, and he took a cigarette.

"You asked for an idea, Mrs. Suydam," said De Ruyter. "Why not get up 'Frou Frou' for your working-girls?"

"With Mrs. Brookfield as *Frou Frou*?" asked Mrs. Jimmy.

"Of course," was the reply. "Without her the idea is worthless. And naturally I can't say whether you can persuade her or not—"

"I think I should let Gurney Twiss do the persuading," she remarked.

"She is a little *Frou Frou* herself," declared d'Armagnac. "That will be very interesting."

"If you want to make a lot of money," pursued De Ruyter, "you have only to get Mrs. Brookfield to act *Frou Frou* at the Metropolitan. Make the tickets five dollars. Keep the whole thing very exclusive."

Mrs. Suydam laughed again. "Exclusive? at the Metropolitan?"

"Yes," returned the young novelist; "even there you can exclude everybody who hasn't five dollars. That's one process of exclusion, and it's perfectly efficacious. Then you have a long list of patronesses, and you might allow the box-holders to retain their boxes as a special favor and just to keep up the exclusive flavor."

"That's not half bad, that idea of yours," said Jimmy. "Shouldn't wonder if a performance like that would bring in a goodish bit of gate-money."

"You might easily make ten thousand dollars," De Ruyter asserted.

"If I undertake to do that I may make money for my working-girls," Mrs. Suydam suggested; "but shouldn't I be robbing myself of a good deal of rest and recreation?"

"Not at all," was the novelist's reply. "You will have lots of fun in managing the thing. Besides, it will be a new sensation for you."

"There's something in that," Mrs. Suydam admitted. "It would be a novelty, I suppose; and life is very monotonous, after all."

"Besides," urged De Ruyter, "you can get other people to take most of the trouble off your hands. Sherrington will stage-manage it for you. He's the very man; the amateurs like him, and he can get good work out of them."

"It might be amusing," said Mrs. Jimmy at last. "Thank you for the suggestion. I won't say that I'll take it, but I'll think about it."

De Ruyter gazed across the room at the table where Twiss was sitting with the Brookfields.

"I hope you will get it up," he said. "I'd give up five dollars myself to see how Mrs. Brookfield would do *Frou Frou*."

"She will do it well," d'Armagnac declared. "She has temperament, I am sure."

"If we only had somebody on the stage now with a share of her delightful femininity there would be some hope for the American drama," the novelist went on. "Kilburn has been after me to do a society play for him—a sort of New York 'School for Scandal,' you know. Now if I could be sure of a *Lady Teazle* like Mrs. Brookfield, I'd like to try it."

Mrs. Suydam looked over at the other table. She saw two men standing there, talking to the party at supper and very attentive to Mrs. Brookfield.

"I see what you mean," said Mrs. Jimmy. "She's not what I should call a beauty exactly, but she seems to be attractive. There's no doubt the men like her. I wonder how much her husband would enjoy her acting *Frou Frou* at the Metropolitan."

"Why shouldn't he enjoy seeing his wife make a great success?" asked De Ruyter.

"Why not, indeed?" Mrs. Suydam repeated. "But some men are so selfish, you know; they like to have their wives for themselves! And I have a notion that Evert Brookfield may be a man of that kind." Then she made ready to rise from the table. "Shall we go now?"

The men stood up at once, her husband being the last to get on his feet.

"Beastly nuisance, it's snowing, ain't it?" he asked at large. "Wish I hadn't ordered the bays to be put to the landau."

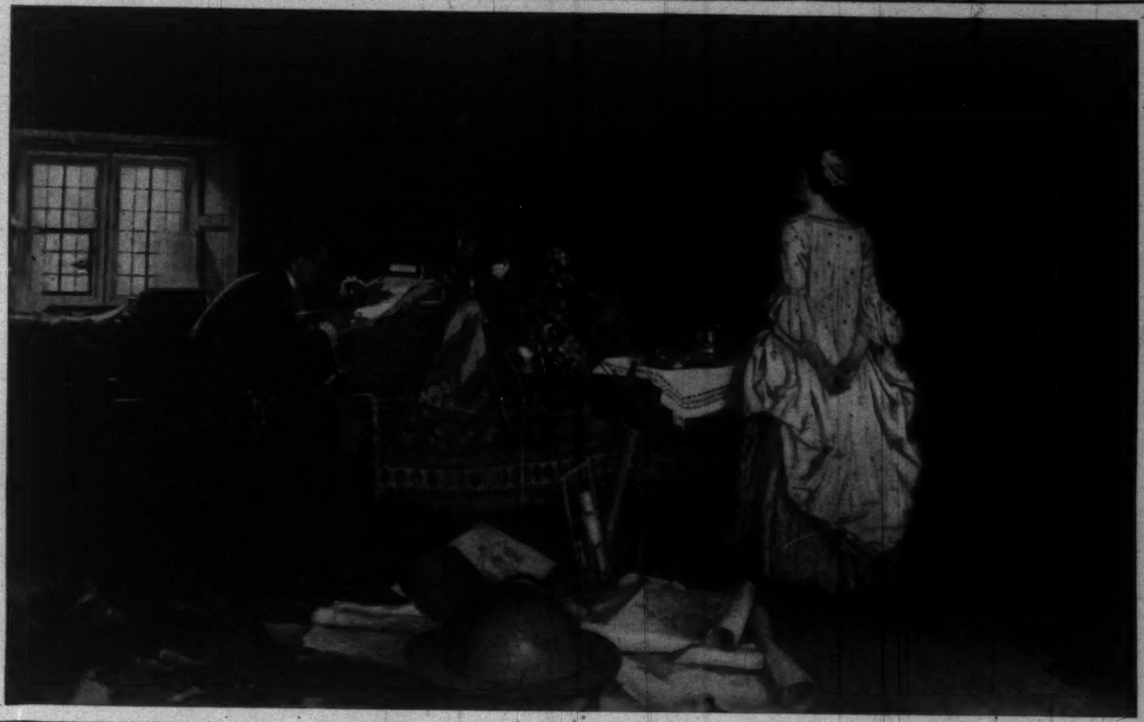
As they left the table, d'Armagnac and De Ruyter exchanged salutations again with the Brookfields. Mrs. Suydam gave a final glance toward the corner, and she saw that the two men who had been bending over Mrs. Brookfield had now taken chairs on each side of her, although the table was meant only for four, and that still another man had stopped on his way to the door and was joining in the merry conversation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Academy Exhibition at Philadelphia

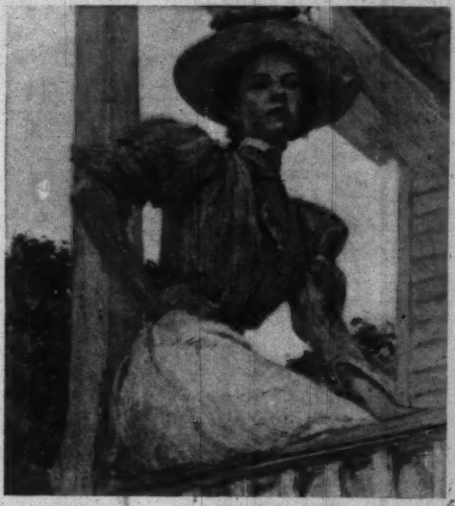
IN its annual exhibitions the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts has secured a unique position. While the object of the Carnegie Exhibition at Pittsburg, its only serious rival, is to present the best attainable display of contemporary international painting, Philadelphia strives for a showing of American art that in quality and comprehensiveness shall be the best each year in the United States. For several years past this aim has been realized, and conspicuously so in the present exhibition, the sixty-ninth in annual sequence. The average of standard throughout is high, the catholicity displayed in the selection admirable, and the number of pictures to which one is drawn to give special study so great that even the mention of their names will be impossible in a short notice.

The point, therefore, that I would emphasize here is the stimulating sense of the vitality of our national art which one derives from this exhibition. It is not, of course, that the discovery is made now for the first time, but that one realizes through an object-lesson like this how diffused is the vitality—that it is not confined to a few



THE EXPANSIONIST.—BY F. D. MILLET

MADELINE.—BY W. T. DANNAT



A SUMMER GIRL.—BY ROBERT REID

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY EXHIBITION

MOTHER AND CHILD.—BY J. A. WEIR

A FRENCH RIVER.—BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

IN THE GULF-STREAM.—BY WINSLOW HOMER

DATO JOKAIMIN TESTIFYING BEFORE A COURT MARTIAL IN JOLO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Dato Jokaimin's head man captured three American soldiers who had deserted from the garrison of Jolo. When the prisoners were brought to trial the Dato was invited to appear before the Court Martial and testify. He felt insulted when asked to swear that he would tell the truth. He was also offended because the Court would not accept from him any testimony concerning events he had not himself witnessed, and was altogether much displeased at the formalities of American military law.

familiar painters, but to be found in a constantly increasing number, and that it expresses itself not only in manual dexterity and technical knowledge—qualities indispensable—but also in the first-eyed individual manner in which our painters, young and old, are looking at nature and recording their observations.

How well this is exemplified in many of the landscapes shown at Philadelphia, such as J. Alden Weir's "The New England Ploughman," Leonard Ochtman's "Autumn Twilight," Dwight W. Tryon's "May," J. H. Twachtman's "Waterfall," and "Summer Evening," by Charles H. Davis! That they are true to nature goes without saying and is comparatively a small matter; what gives them chief and enduring charm is that they render certain phases of nature with a keenness of discrimination and fulness of expression that can only result from long and intimate comradeship with some particular kind of scenery. For wood, sky, water, and meadow are not the same all the world over; they vary with the atmospheric conditions which are local; and it is just in the atmosphere that the inherent spirit of the landscape dwells, and its variations of mood and sentiment are so subtle that only long and patient—in fact, loving—study can help the painter to know them. Moreover, the landscape is so intimately part of the local life that he must know and sympathize with that also before he can hope to be a master of his art. From which it follows that an American landscapist, to reach his best possibilities, must paint the scenery of his native land.

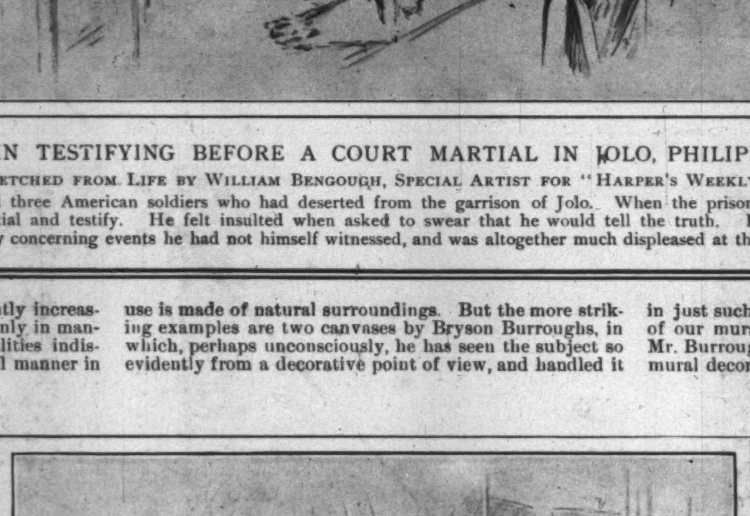
Some ramble in search of subject, and their work betrays it—technical facility and knowingness without real insight or depth of expression. Two canvases painted in France by W. K. Schofield will illustrate this truth. They are without individuality; and yet it was for the presence of just this quality that I found his two landscapes last year so admirable. But then he had painted woodland scenes in his native State, Pennsylvania, and drawn therefrom inspiration.

Another side of landscape-painting is shown in this exhibition—its adaptation to purposes of decoration. Frank W. Benson sends "A Decorative Study," in which good use is made of natural surroundings. But the more striking examples are two canvases by Bryson Burroughs, in which, perhaps unconsciously, he has seen the subject so evidently from a decorative point of view, and handled it in just such way as lends itself to decoration. By most of our mural painters the value of landscape is ignored. Mr. Burroughs has the instincts and methods of a good mural decorator, and his treatment of landscape is so admirable in this direction that when his chance comes I look to his doing decorative work of a most interesting kind. Following this line of thought, one looks in a portrait for expression of the sitter's character as well as for technical skill in the painting and for general pictorial effect. "What a handsome canvas!" should be our first impression; and then, after close study, "How wonderfully it is painted!" The final impression, and the one that will remain with us longest, is of a human personality revealed. It is only rarely that one finds a just balance of all three qualities in one portrait. In varying proportion they exist in Sargent's "Calvin S. Brice" and "President of Bryn-Mawr College"; Louis Paul Dessar's "Mr. Richard Croker"; Cecelia Beaux's "Mother and Daughter"; William M. Chase's "Kate Chase"; Edward Simmons's "Rev. Thomas Hill"; Kenyon Cox's "W. J. M."; Frank W. Benson's "Portrait of a Little Girl"; J. Alden Weir's "Mother and Child"; Fred Dana Marsh's picture with the same title; in two portraits by Wilton Lockwood; and "A Family Group," by George de Forest Brush.

The American figure-painter, to a great extent ignoring the possibilities of subject afforded by American life, expresses best the individuality of his temperament either in delicate subtlety of meaning or in decorative feeling. I have in mind such pictures as J. Alden Weir's "Orchid," Childe Hassam's "Improvisation," and John W. Alexander's "The Toilet."

One American, H. O. Tanner, choosing to expatriate himself because he is colored, but far too true an artist to be satisfied to paint just what he sees, kindles his imagination with the old familiar story of Christ. His earlier pictures, not surprisingly, caught more of the story than its spirit, but his later ones, "Judas" and "Christ and Nicodemus," more particularly the latter, reveal insight, reverential imagination, and pictorial qualities of drawing and color that are most convincing.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



DATO TANTUNG.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

The Dato is a typical Moro chief, and was formerly the leader of the Taui-Taui pirates. He has abandoned his predatory practices, and has proved himself friendly to the Americans.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

BUFFALO rejoices in the prospect of having an art gallery which shall be worthy of her opinion of herself. It is to be built in Delaware Park, of white marble, at a cost of $300,000 or $350,000, and is to be used for the art exhibition of the Pan-American Fair, which also is located in Buffalo's fine park. The custodians of the new building are the president and curators of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy. The giver is J. J. Albright, a native of Scranton, but a resident of Buffalo, where he has large steel-manufacturing interests. He is a gentleman interested in art, and of some previous experience as a public benefactor, since he gave to Scranton a public library in memory of his father, and has made large gifts in Buffalo to a college settlement, the Botanical Gardens of the city, and other objects. His present gift, which is of obvious importance and value to Buffalo, was wholly unexpected by the public, but is the outcome of a purpose that he has cherished for some months, and for the execution of which arrangements are already in so forward a state that the building can be completed in a year. Mr. Albright's offer had only two conditions—a park site for the building, and such an increase in the maintenance fund of the Fine Arts Academy as would provide adequately for the maintenance of the new gallery. Both conditions were easy, and the curators of the academy promptly engaged to fulfil them.

It is a great thing for such a city as Buffalo to have this fine gallery assured to it. The city already has the beginning of an art collection, which is sure to grow, now that it will have a proper home. Rochester, which for many years had in the Powers Gallery a quasi-public collection of pictures, many of which were good, was better off in that respect than Buffalo. But now that the Powers collection has been dispersed, Rochester has no public gallery, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Albright's example may stir a spirit of emulation in the hearts of the capitalists of the Kodak town.

EVEN the warmest admirers of the American touch admit that it does not always adorn. Even in the moist and down-trodden Philippines it is not every American innovation that improves. Chairman Schurman of the Philippines commission regrets that when we went westerly into the East we did not leave the saloon at home. He complains that in the Philippines we have suppressed the cock-fight, but have caused the saloon mightily to abound. He does not seem to think anything has been gained by the exchange of these institutions. "One," he says, "emphasized Filipino frailty, and the other, American vice"; and he adds, "I have never seen a Filipino drunkard." If the Filipino, deprived of the relaxation of cock-fighting, acquires the saloon habit, we shall have a good deal to answer for, since in the climate of Manila cock-fighting is undoubtedly a much less deleterious amusement than drinking. As a vice for people who must have some vice, and are content with that one, a good deal might be said in extenuation of cock-fighting. It is much less brutal than dog-fighting, and sprightlier and less expensive than pugilism. It encourages the improvement of the breed of chickens, just as horse-racing does the breed of horses. It seems to come natural to cocks to fight, so it isn't agin' nature; and if it encourages overmuch the speculative tendencies, as much can be said for dozens of American institutions, including football, politics, and Wall Street.

But American sportsmen in the Philippines would never be satisfied with cock-fighting as a predominant vice. It would be necessary on their account to run saloons in connection with the cock-fights, and each institution would abet and further the other. Perhaps it was on account of our own impetuous brethren that cock-fighting had to be suppressed. At any rate, it seems not quite fair to the Filipinos to choke them off from the petty vices that suit them, while we retain the bigger and more injurious ones that happen to suit us.

THE prospects for the future of the prize-fighting industry in New York are not as bright as they were, and if the business had been commercially organized on such a basis as its earning power warranted, we should doubtless have noticed before now a grievous decline in the value of its securities. As a money-making enterprise it has succeeded too much. A fight between bruisers of note seems to be a spectacle of extraordinary interest to a large number of persons who are abundantly supplied with spending-money. The eagerness shown at one or two of the recent contests in New York to pay five, ten, twenty, or fifty dollars to see a bout between two well-known fighters is almost incomprehensible to persons who are used to find their nightly relaxation in staying at home with a book or newspaper or going to see a play. Moreover, in spite of the expense of seeing fights—the crowd, the draughts, and all the drawbacks to these shows—there is no sign that their patrons have been glutted with them. Over every fight there is a vast deal of betting, and that undoubtedly helps to crowd halls and train boxers.

But the handwriting is on the wall; the harvest-time is nearly over. Neither of the last two fights was entirely acceptable to those moralists who extol the strenuous life. Mr. Odell, the Republican State manager, who went to one of them, has insisted that it was not decided on its merits, but was what is vulgarly called a put-up job. The newspapers did not think so, but Mr. Odell sticks to his opinion. The other of the two he did not attend, but the newspapers did. They are pretty well agreed that it was not fairly conducted. Their conclusion will help the Republican managers to repeal the Horton law, under which fights are now held. Governor Roosevelt, who has a kindness for all boisterous exercises, feels that the privileges granted by the law have been abused. He will not oppose its repeal. Finally, most of the voters of the State seem to incline to the opinion, energetically imparted by persons of strong convictions, that prize-fights are brutal, unseemly, demoralizing, and out of date, and that it is a disgrace to New York to be the only State that permits them. Public prize-fighting cannot stand out long against public opinion. It is too notoriously profitable, successful, and corrupt. The Horton law was a golden egg, but the popular conclusion is that a goose laid it. Tammany administration seems to have killed the goose.

MR. RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE died in London on January 21, but his *Lorna Doone*, now thirty years old, is as much alive as ever. *Lorna Doone's* great charm and merit and great success—beyond its author's other books—have made us all think of Mr. Blackmore as a one-book man, but he wrote at least eight other novels which had their day and their share of public favor. A writer who can write one good novel can usually write another if his health holds out, but a great love-story is not often duplicated by the same hand, and one of the merits of *Lorna Doone* is that it is a great love-story.

Mr. Blackmore, born in 1825, was the son of a clergyman, a graduate of Oxford, a lawyer by calling, a writer by profession, and a farmer by preference. He began at Oxford to write stories, but his first published books were volumes of poems, of which four appeared between 1854 and 1860, and have since gone the way of most verse. His first published novel was *Clara Vaughn* (1864). *Lorna Doone* came out in 1869, won its way slowly, and took nearly ten years to occupy its place in the world. When Mr. Blackmore came to be about sixty years old he treated himself to an avocation, and took up market-gardening. It is said that he made it pay. At any rate, he became wise enough about it to write a series of letters on fruit cultivation to the London *Times*.

IN a Salem (Massachusetts) newspaper there was recently an interesting admission that there are some things related to the public comfort which are not best looked after in New England. Mr. Edward S. Morse, of the Peabody Academy of Science, in Salem, complains in print of the unnecessary and objectionable din made in that town and many other New England towns by factory and locomotive whistles. Mr. Morse insists that the steam-whistle nuisance is out of date, and that all that is needed to stop it is a little timely opposition. Cities outside of New England—as Detroit and Cleveland—have abolished it within their limits, with no resulting inconvenience. Great railroads like the New York Central and Pennsylvania have noiseless engines for work in their freight-yards; but New England, it seems to Mr. Morse, is still, as a rule, submissive to all the noises that engineers see fit to let loose, and Salem he describes as exceptionally screechy.

This is an upsetting account of Salem, which the imagination delights to picture as sleepy, quiet, and undisturbed. Certainly the steam-whistle ought not to mar the traditional peace which is now the old town's best known characteristic, or the peace of any other town which cares for quiet. If Detroit and Cleveland can get on without steam-whistles, every city can; if the New York Central and Pennsylvania can go about their business quietly, every railroad can. New York is much less noisy than it was. Asphalt pavements have helped it.

AN interesting experiment in journalism is to be made during six days, beginning March 13, at Topeka, Kansas. Topeka is the home of the Rev. Charles Sheldon, the author of *In His Steps*. It will be remembered by persons who have read that book that among the characters who undertook to follow for a time such a course of Christian conduct as they believed would accord absolutely with the teachings of the founder of Christianity, was a newspaper editor who had to make his paper absolutely and consistently Christian. How he went about it, what he left out and what he put in, is indicated in the book. This idea of a strictly Christian newspaper attracted attention, and its feasibility and possible usefulness have been a good deal discussed. Mr. Sheldon has insisted that it was a practical idea, and would succeed as a moral and religious engine if properly tried. But he has not been sure it would make money, and so he has asked for a million dollars to endow such a paper as he had in mind.

The experiment that he wants to try at so great expense is to be tried for a week, as aforesaid, at Topeka, without cost or hazard. He is to take the Topeka *Capital*, and run it for a week according to his notions of how a Christian newspaper ought to be run. The *Capital* is a morning paper issued daily except on Monday, and estimates its circulation at about 10,000. If the readers of Mr. Sheldon's books are curious to see what sort of an editor he makes, the *Capital's* circulation for the third week in March will doubtless be materially amplified. All things considered, there is a prospect of good entertainment in this innovation. Mr. Sheldon is interested in problems of municipal government and social reform, and if there are evil-doers, in high places or low, in Topeka, who ought to have attention, there will be a remarkably good chance for plain speech about them. There have been woman's editions of daily newspapers before now, but in those cases the usual management of the paper withdrew for no more than a single day. This projected institution of a religious dictatorship in a newspaper office for a week has no precedent.

MR. RICHARD NORTON, a son of Professor Norton of Harvard, and head of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, complains, in a letter to the New York *Evening Post*, that the interests of his school in Rome are prejudiced by the scant civility shown to the Italian government by the powers in America which control the Immigration Bureau in New York. It seems that for some years past there has been, on Ellis Island, in New York Harbor, an office in charge of authorized Italian officials, who look after Italian immigrants during their stay on the island. The office was established at the desire of the Italian government. For some reason—trades-union reasons among others, Mr. Norton thinks—it is objectionable to some one; and in December Italy was notified that it was to be closed on January 1. Mr. Norton says we have been abrupt and rude in our manner of dealing with the Italian government anent this office, and intimates that because of our ill behavior classical studies cannot be pursued by Americans at Rome so advantageously as if our rulers were more considerate.

EVEN in these affluent times, when we think in large sums of ready money, three million dollars is a considerable sum for a decedent to leave to charity. The lamented Fayerweather, whose will, as well as his accumulations, was such a nine days' wonder, left only about six millions to the lawyers and the colleges. Three millions taken out of the bequests of Mr. Tilden or of Johns Hopkins would have left a very noticeable hole; yet in their day the Tilden and Hopkins bequests astonished people. There has been very little excitement over the will of Mr. Robert B. Brigham, retired innkeeper of Boston, who died last month, leaving about three millions to found a hospital for incurables in that town. The Boston papers speak of it with respect, but it hardly awakens enthusiasm. Perhaps the reason is that the incurables do not feel equal to enthusiasm themselves, and other persons feel only a languid interest in the comfort of incurables whom they do not personally know. The prospect that Mr. Brigham's will will be carried out seems good. The chief possible contestant, so far as heard from at this writing, is a divorced wife, who feels, as quoted in the newspapers, "that giving fourteen of the best years of her life to Mr. Brigham, and the fact also that he was her cousin, should entitle her to some material portion of the estate."

THE news of the death, on January 22, of Theodore Bacon, of Rochester, brought deep regret to many persons who knew him. He was one of the ablest lawyers of the State, and a man of notable integrity, and of a species of public spirit which is far from common. It will be remembered that he was the candidate of the Independents for Governor of New York against Roosevelt and Van Wyck. Mr. Bacon was a good man to lead a political forlorn hope. He seemed rather to prefer to be on the unpopular side of anything, provided it was the side that commended itself to his sense of justice. He had much of the temperament of a public prosecutor, and believed in smiting the unrighteous, especially in cases where unrighteousness seemed to have achieved its ends and become respectable. If there was a sleeping dog that seemed to need kicking, and which worldly-wise persons walked around with coy circumspection, Mr. Bacon was ready to kick it, and kick it hard, at whatever cost to his own welfare or comfort. The dog always howled and usually bit, and was apt to have more than his fair share of the sympathy of the community. Perhaps this tendency amounted in Mr. Bacon to a defect, but it was a defect that was a good deal respected even by persons who were thoroughly indisposed to emulate it. As an eminent lawyer, he scolded the Bar Association heartily for the shortcomings of lawyers. As a veteran of the civil war, he rated the Grand Army men for their eagerness in the matter of pensions. Sometimes he was bitter. Some things—as Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela message—bankrupted his patience; but though possibly he was less long-suffering with sinners than he should have been, he undoubtedly loved righteousness.

He was the son of Rev. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, and doubtless inherited from ministerial forebears his marked propensity to urge evil-doers to repentance. He was graduated from Yale in 1853, in a noted class of which Messrs. Charlton Lewis, E. C. Stedman, Wayne MacVeagh, and Andrew D. White were members. A grievous blow which probably shortened his life came upon him, a few years ago, in the downfall of one of his law partners, a man widely liked and trusted, who stole money and was sent to prison, to the serious loss and affliction of his firm.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS. *By Sydney Brooks*

BY the time these lines are in print Parliament will have met, and under gloomier circumstances than this generation of Englishmen has ever been called upon to face. One has to go back just forty-five years, to January, 1855, to find any parallel to the storm of amazement, scorn, and wrath that threatens to break over Lord Salisbury's government. One has to go back to the darkest days of the Crimean war, when the British public, wholly sobered down after the intoxication of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, were just beginning to realize that Sebastopol was not going to fall, like another Jericho, at the sound of the war-trumpet's blast; when the correspondents at the front were dinning it into their ears that the management of the campaign had been miserably inefficient, that cholera was pursuing the troops to the very battle-field, and that the system of clothing, of transport, of feeding, of nursing, had hopelessly broken down; and when, to crown the popular disgust, the Baltic fleet that had sailed amid an outburst of dithyrambic pomp came home without having accomplished anything. Then, as now, the nation went through the usual phases of reaction and dismay and shame and indignation before it settled down into a bull-dog determination to see the matter through at any cost. Then, as now, the disappointment following on extravagant confidence called for some victim, and a victim was quickly found. The Aberdeen ministry, the famous "government of all the talents," that had come into office with such high hopes only two years before, was turned out, and the conduct of the war put in Palmerston's hands.

NOTHING of the kind is likely to happen now. The government has made terrible and humiliating blunders, but the country recognizes that it is still the only government available in England at the present time. The Liberals have not the confidence of the people, and even if they had, the intestine feuds of the Rosebery, Harcourt, and Labouchere factions would prevent them from forming a stable administration. There has been some talk of a coalition ministry, of trying to induce Lord Rosebery, or Sir Edward Grey, or some other "Liberal Imperialist" in whom the nation trusts, to throw in his lot *pro tempore* with the Conservatives. But there is little chance of the bait being taken, even if it is offered. No Liberal of any prominence would care to stultify his own and his party's chances at the next election by making himself responsible for the follies of a Tory war. Besides, Lord Salisbury's ministry, in spite of all the abuse it has been getting, is quite capable of shouldering its own burdens. There may be a reshuffling of portfolios and the weeding out of one or two of the weaker brethren, but no recruits will be sought from the Opposition ranks.

Much more practical is the suggestion that Lord Lansdowne should ease the situation by resigning. Lord Lansdowne is a wealthy and amiable nobleman, who was put at the head of the War Office mainly because he belongs to the ring of great governing families from which three-fourths of the English ministers are drawn. If Lord Curzon's prediction of the universal peace that was to follow Lord Salisbury's accession to power had only been fulfilled, Lord Lansdowne might have been forgotten as an industrious and blameless Secretary of War. As it is, he is likely to be remembered, for a little while at all events, as one of the many men in the wrong places whom war always discovers. Of course he is not to blame personally. It is simply that in times of war something more is asked for than the humdrum administrative qualities. Lord Lansdowne has not the extra spice of energy, or youthfulness, or the inspiring air of confidence, or whatever it is the people want of their leaders at moments of crisis; whereas it is very generally agreed that Mr. Arnold Foster, one of the Unionist members for Belfast, has. Mr. Foster, too, is probably better posted on military matters than any other civilian in Great Britain, with the standing exception of Sir Charles Dilke; and if it is decided to jettison Lord Lansdowne, his would certainly be the first name mentioned for the vacant post. The pressure to make the change will come from the rank and file of the Conservatives, and not from the Opposition side of the House. The Liberals have been generously sparing of criticism Half of their forbearance is, no doubt, patriotism, but the other half may be set down, without seeming too cynical, to sound party tactics. They have everything to gain by waiting quietly for the heavy and inevitable day of reckoning.

IT is very curious to note that while every man in England just now is a strategist and a cabinet-maker, and very voluble on the matter of "frontal attacks" and "inefficient scouting," and equally so on the shortcomings of the Intelligence Department and Mr. Balfour and Lord Wolseley and even of Lord Salisbury, nobody seems to care to tackle Mr. Chamberlain. Yet history will infallibly write down Mr. Chamberlain as the author of the Boer war. From the beginning he has been in sole charge of the negotiations, and on him must ultimately be fixed the responsibility for their break-down. That for the present he is outside the zone of popular attack is due partly, of course, to the fact that people are completely taken up with the disasters on the field; but chiefly, I think, to the extreme fear of Mr. Chamberlain that is felt all over England. Men are afraid to attack him. In the House of Commons the dread of him is almost abject. He is the ablest, the most elusive, and the most bitter debater in English public life. Since Mr. Gladstone's departure there has not been a man who could cross swords with him successfully, and even Mr. Gladstone did not always or even often come off the victor. Mr. Morley, who does not usually hesitate to say what he thinks, did not mention Mr. Chamberlain's name in his Forfar speech, but put all the blame on the government. The cabinet of course is collectively responsible for everything done by any of its members; but no one doubts that it was Mr. Chamberlain who determined the cabinet's policy, and the form in which it should be pressed. It was a question, when the present government came into power, whether Lord Salisbury would swallow Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Chamberlain Lord Salisbury. The Boer war proves pretty conclusively that it is Mr. Chamberlain who is on the outside. Had the negotiations with Pretoria been in the care of a man less feared than Mr. Chamberlain, one whom his colleagues and the country were used to standing up to, had they, for instance, been watched with that closeness to which Lord Salisbury's Chinese policy was subjected, it is more than arguable that war might have been averted.

SO far as one can see, Mr. Chamberlain has reached and passed the zenith of his career. And what a career it has been! Disraeli himself, from the time his first speech was laughed down in the House of Commons to the day when he stood up before the Berlin Conference, the world's most central figure, hardly surpassed its shifting fortunes. It was said of Peel that "of almost all the great measures with which his name is associated, he attained great eminence as their opponent before he attained even greater eminence as their advocate"; and it has taken volumes to explain and justify Sir Robert. A whole library will be needed to explain and justify Mr. Chamberlain. He has boxed the entire political compass. He began as an extreme Radical, with more than a touch of half-baked Republicanism about him. He is now a member of the stiffest Tory government that England has known for over thirty years. He began his career as a Little-Englander of the most provincial and Laboucherean type. He has made himself the exponent of an equally pronounced imperialism, and written himself on history as the first Colonial Secretary with a policy of his own. He was a "home-ruler before Mr. Gladstone," yet he broke up the Liberal party on the home-rule question; a Dissenter, yet he votes for doles to the Established Church; an advocate of secular education, yet officially in favor of voluntary and denominational schools. He began by attacking the House of Lords; he may end by sitting in it. He has joined every party, and been on both sides of every public question, and yet stood always alone. He was the real but not the titular leader of the Gladstonians, just as he is now of the Tories; and it is probable that as his secession from the Liberals disrupted his old party, so his acceptance by the Tories may prove equally harmful to his new allies. Mr. Chamberlain staked everything on the success of his colonial administration. It has led to a bloody and expensive war, which a great many people in England believe to have been avoidable, and which the outside world has been all but unanimous in condemning. The next election is bound to turn almost exclusively on the policy, or lack of policy, which brought on the conflict; and all the probabilities of the case point to the temporary defeat of the Conservative party, and the final disappearance of Mr. Chamberlain as a responsible minister.

THE attitude of Europe towards the Transvaal war may be described as one of convalescence. At the time of the Bloemfontein Conference there was hardly a country that did not applaud England's resolve to set the affairs of the South African Republic in order; and it is a very significant comment on Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy that, as the months wore on, their friendly feeling gradually gave way to a frenzy of denunciation and disgust. No doubt political and national sentiment had a good deal to do with it. Holland could not be expected to sympathize with a power that was at war with men of her own blood. France could find excuse enough for her hostility in the memory of Fashoda and of England's outspokenness in the Dreyfus affair. The people of Germany and Austria have that instinctive antipathy for England and Englishmen which seems to be the natural attitude of one branch of the Teutonic race towards another. But beyond this there was the very general conviction that England had forced a war upon the Transvaal simply for the sake of gold. It would be just as sensible to say that the United States went to war with Spain for the sake of tobacco. The belief, however, that the war was brought on solely for selfish purposes was an axiom on the Continent, and accounted for the extraordinary outburst of delight with which the Boer successes were received. That stage has begun to pass away, and the moderate business men of Europe, who are suffering from the commercial depression into which the war has plunged their best customer, as well as the saner politicians who, though they might like the Boers to win on sentimental grounds, are appalled by the bare prospect of England's final defeat, have drawn in their horns and begun to talk calmly. Only three or four of the minor powers have stood by England from the first—Italy, Greece, Hungary, and Poland. The others are still smouldering with hostility, and though it is unlikely that any one or any two of them would risk an overt act, there is still reason enough why the British fleet should be brought into condition to put to sea at very short notice.

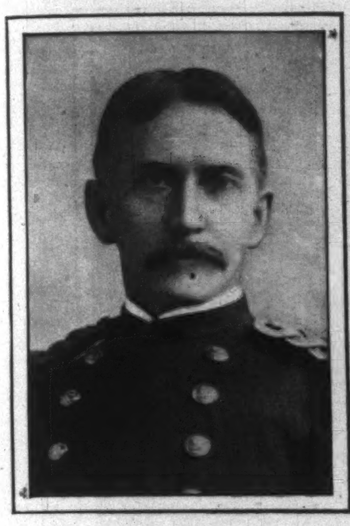
FOR the moment the Continental nations are enjoying a calm which is not likely to last long. It was prophesied at the time of the Dreyfus affair that France would forgive the army for conspiring against the republic, but not the Church. Both prophecies are being fulfilled. An amnesty act has been passed putting a stop to all prosecutions arising from the case, including the prosecution of General Mercier for forgery and the trials which Zola and Joseph Reinach have been anxiously trying to bring to a hearing. The chances of final justice being done to Dreyfus are therefore moved one degree farther away, and the Royalists are correspondingly happy. But the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, which is an amalgam of all parties, has to please all parties to live. A sop to the anti-Dreyfusards must be followed by a sop to the Radicals and Socialists if the government is to keep in office till the Exposition opens.

Accordingly, there has commenced a revival of Gambetta's campaign against the religious orders. The fight, if it is persevered in, will be long and bitter. The religious associations wield an enormous power, all of which will be used to the uttermost. The government has introduced measures which make it impossible for any such order as the Jesuits or Benedictines to exist in France, and has also started in to secularize education by depriving the children brought up in Catholic schools of certain political rights. The Assumptionists have already been broken up. On the face of it, a vicious intestine conflict, with every French home as a battle-field, seems inevitable. But the ministry is not likely to go to extremes. It has set its heart on retaining power during the Exposition, and it will advance just far enough along the Radical path to satisfy, or to have the appearance of satisfying, its extreme supporters without antagonizing the Moderates. No political movement stands much chance of success in the year of the Exposition, as Boulanger discovered.

IT was one of the most useful results of the Spanish-American war that it laid bare the real nature of parliamentary government in Spain, and showed it to be nothing but a euphemism for a political conspiracy against the inhabitants of the Peninsula. Both parties were equally implicated in it—the Conservatives no less than the Liberals. Government was simply a matter of arrangement and contract between the leaders of the two chief factions. When the Sagastinos, for instance, decided that the Canovistas had been in office long enough, an agreement was made to put the ministry in a minority and hold another election. The elections were perfect farces. The average Spaniard never took the trouble to vote, thinking, like the Italian peasant, that the right of exercising the suffrage was a trick invented by the police to get him into trouble. The incoming Premier decided beforehand just how many seats he would require in the new Cortes, and the number was always forth coming. The rest were distributed impartially among his opponents according to the strength of each faction. The whole fabric of constitutionalism was rotten from the beginning, and the party system simply a cover behind which the Liberals and Conservatives plundered the country and lined their own pockets. The war stirred up the people to demand a policy of retrenchment and reform, but little so far has been done to meet their wishes, and they have no machinery with which to make a successful agitation. There is, however, one movement which is gathering strength, and may yet have within it the seeds of a regenerated Spain. One of the curses of the country has been an over-centralized bureaucracy which governs the affairs of every municipality from Madrid, appoints mayors, and sends forth an army of carpet-baggers to collect the local taxes. Against this system Catalonia, the richest and most up-to-date province in Spain, and therefore the province which has suffered most from the politicians at Madrid, has rigorously set its face. It is agitating for home-rule, and threatens to order a strike throughout its territories against the payment of taxes unless home-rule is granted and the government reduces its naval and military estimates. The Catalans are an enterprising, thrifty, and democratic people, whose language and sympathies are far more Provençal than Castilian. If they can frighten the government into compliance with their demands, a long step will have been taken towards the form of administration which is best suited to Spain's needs—that of a federation of republics presided over by a monarchy.

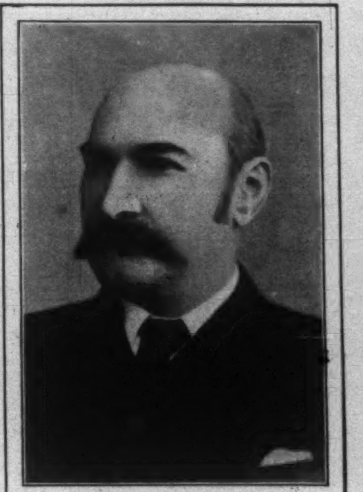
ONE of the great questions of Europe, a question that has within it the possibilities of more trouble than any Eastern or Far Eastern crisis, is the ultimate fate of the Dual Monarchy. Another Austrian ministry—the seventh or eighth in the last three years—has just failed in its attempt to close the perennial Czechish-German feud. The subject is much too big to be more than just touched on in a single paragraph. The quarrel between the two races sprang, in its present form, from the Badeni ordinances of 1897 placing German and Czech on a par as the official languages of Bohemia. But the real contest goes far deeper. It is a struggle between Teuton and Slav for political supremacy in the Austrian half of the Hapsburg dominions. Forty millions of people and nine different nationalities are there cooped up in a country smaller than the State of Texas. The races have never fused, and never will. Each has lived its own life, made its own history, produced its own literature, and struggled unceasingly to dominate its neighbors. In Austria the Germans are fighting a last battle for the ascendency that once was theirs without challenge. In Hungary the dashing and gifted Magyars are still hard put to it to keep their leadership intact. The Slav races are everywhere lifting up their heads and demanding equal rights and privileges with Germans and Magyars. The conflict is confused with an infinity of cross-currents. But, roughly speaking, the main feature of the situation is the revolt of the Slav nationalities against German rule in Austria and Magyar rule in Hungary. The Slavs want home-rule and independence; the dominant nationalities want to retain their old authority. Neither will give way, and for the past two years parliamentary government in Austria has practically ceased to be operative. Only the persuasive wisdom and boundless popularity of Francis Joseph have prevented extremes. But it is a hazardous state of affairs when the fate of an ancient monarchy, and with it the peace of Europe, hangs on the slender thread of an old man's life.

BY the death at Ladysmith of Mr. George Warrington Steevens, England loses a man who was destined to rise high, and journalism its most brilliant war correspondent. The great quality of Mr. Steevens's mind was its absolute clarity. He not only saw things just as they were, could not only describe them with a picturesque precision that was almost an instinct, but was never moved by passion or prejudice in estimating their causes. His account of the Dreyfus trial was an excellent example of his power as a writer and his glacial impartiality as an observer. Mr. Steevens crowded a good deal of life into the last four years. He was over here in 1896, during the Presidential campaign, and wrote what still remains the best book on America produced by the traditional six weeks' tourist. From the United States he went to Germany, where he studied the people in the same penetrating and lively fashion. The spring of 1897 found him campaigning with the Turks, and first revealed him as a Heaven-sent war correspondent. The rest of the year and more than half of 1898 were spent in the Sudan with Kitchener's army. Christmas caught him in India, the early months of last year in Ireland, the summer in France, and the fall in South Africa. Mr. Steevens was a scholar of the first rank, a graduate of Balliol, and a Fellow of Exeter. He did an admirable service to his country by stirring up popular interest in the navy and by bringing home to the average Englishman in prose, just as Kipling has done in verse, a true sense of what the empire stands for. It was his zeal for the best side of imperialism that braced up all his faculties and saved him from the passing frivolities of ordinary journalism. Few men could have done so much in thirty-two years, or done it so well.



CAPTAIN H. J. McGRATH,
4th U. S. Cavalry.

DURING the fighting at Calamba it became necessary to cross a stream that was swelled with recent rains. There were neither boats nor rafts, but on the other side, directly under the guns of the Filipinos, were two canoes. Captain McGrath did not wait for orders, but plunged into the stream, accompanied by Lieutenant Batson. He was obliged to assist the lieutenant, who soon sank from exhaustion; but they came back with the two canoes. There were some bullet-holes in the canoes by the time they got across with them, but they were made to serve the purpose of transporting a storming-party across the stream, and the trench was taken. A few weeks later Captain McGrath was fatally wounded in action at Novaleta. He was buried with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery, December 19.



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Contractor for New York's Underground Railroad.

THE contract to build all four sections of the New York City Rapid Transit Underground Railroad was awarded, January 16, to John B. McDonald. The successful bidder offered to build and equip the railroad for $35,000,000, and to pay an annual rental equal to interest on bonds issued by the city, and one per cent. additional as a sinking-fund, amounting approximately to $1,575,000. The first section will extend from the City Hall to Fifty-ninth Street; the second section from Fifty-ninth Street to Broadway and 140th Street, and from Broadway and 103d Street to Lenox Avenue and 135th Street; the third section from 140th Street to Fort George, and from 135th Street to Bergen Avenue; the fourth section will include the extension of both the east and west side routes to their terminal stations at Kingsbridge and Bronx Park.

General Lawton's Monument

NOT many soldiers of modern times see the building of the pile which records their victory; but General Henry W. Lawton's monument was raised more than twelve years ago in his very presence, though not by his thought.

After three months of constant pursuit, midsummer day and night, Captain Lawton had tired out and cornered the very worst of all the hostiles that had terrorized our frontiers.

The Apache Geronimo had surrendered, and with the greater part of his warriors, without a United States army escort to keep him in the right direction, had trailed through paths where no troop could follow, to Skeleton Cañon (an old battle-ground of Indian warfare), the place General Miles had appointed for "a talk."

Heliographs had flashed the good news over the whole territory of the campaign. Literally they made the sunlight of peace dispel the cloud of constant danger that had hung over every home in the terrorized region.

And so now, for the first time in sixteen months, frontiersmen in southeastern Arizona dismissed their fears of murder and robbery, and in forest and field, in corral and cabin, breathed freely and slept without guard.

Geronimo located himself on a knoll which gave him a view of his surroundings and of the road by which General Miles would come. At a respectful but short distance from him were stationed all the active United States forces of the campaign.

It was Lieutenant Gatewood who proposed that, while waiting the arrival of General Miles, a "peace monument" should be erected. Permission was given, and a site selected a little to the south of Geronimo's camp. He steadily watched the work from foundation to finish, presumably with pride, because it must bear his name; but his warriors were the only men who gave no help.

First a circle about twenty-five feet in diameter was marked on the ground; on this line the foundation was laid, large stones were piled up without mortar or adobe; inside this circle were thrown smaller stones and earth. As fast as the conelike heap rose above the outer wall, it was confined or faced by large stones resting on the circular foundation. The forces were occupied four days in the work. When completed, the monument was a symmetrical cone about eighteen feet high. On a great stone on the northwest side was engraved, "Geronimo's Surrender to Captain Lawton, September 23, 1886."

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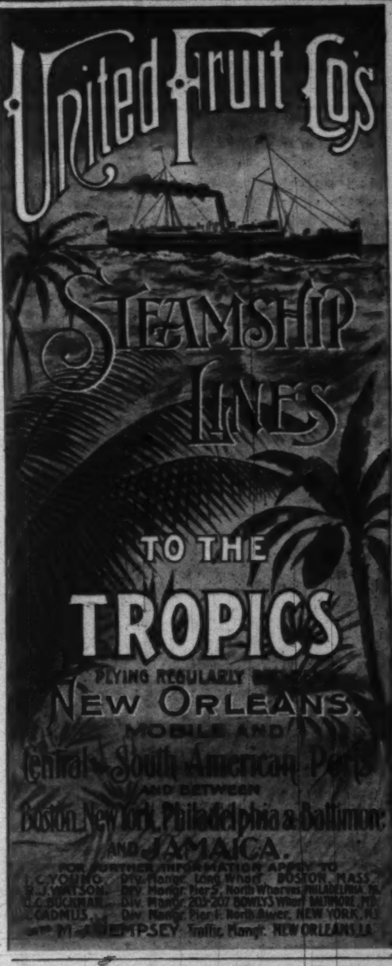

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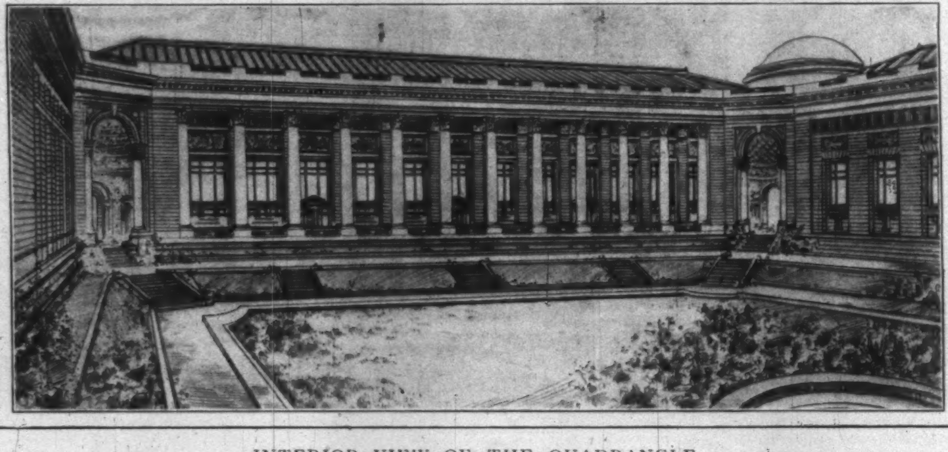
FIGHTING THE BUBONIC PLAGUE IN THE CHINESE AND NATIVE QUARTERS, HONOLULU, H. I.

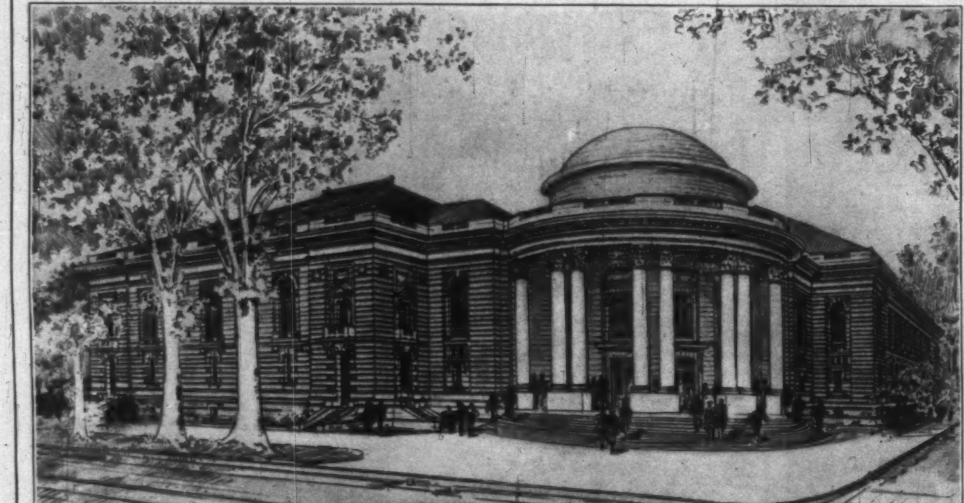
THE drastic measures taken to stamp out the bubonic plague in Honolulu have furnished some picturesque spectacles. The local fire department has been called out to destroy infected tenements in the Asiatic and native Hawaiian quarters, and to confine the flames to the condemned buildings. Meanwhile the whole infected quarter is surrounded by an armed cordon of troops, and no one is permitted to enter or leave the quarter without a pass. The plague has shown such great virulence that heroic measures are justified. Out of twenty-two cases in Honolulu, up to January 9, there had not been a single recovery. All these victims, with one exception, were Chinese or natives, and the exception was a half-breed girl who lived on the edge of Chinatown. The Asiatic and Hawaiian quarters have long been notorious for their unsanitary state, and as the bubonic plague is essentially a filth disease, it has found in that densely populated district the very conditions favorable to its spread. The Hawaiians, with the East-Indians, are extremely suspicious of any foreign inspection of their homes, and they are very cunning in evading the vigilance of health officers. In these examinations of Hawaiian homes several bad cases of leprosy were discovered, the natives having a horror of Molokai Island, to which the law provides that all lepers must be sent.

The furniture of many of the infected houses was burned, but the personal effects were removed to the two large camps near the town after they had been fumigated. In the observation camps, as they are called, barracks have been built by the government, and the hundreds of people removed will be cared for until all danger of infection is past.

The plague has killed business in Honolulu, as no vessels can come up to the wharves, and all freight must be fumigated, and then be transported on lighters. Many tourists are virtual prisoners in Honolulu, as the law prohibits their departure, except to the United States, and then only after ten days' systematic quarantine. Thus far the plague has not made its appearance on any of the big sugar-plantations, and it is hoped that the small army of Chinese and Japanese laborers may be saved from infection. Should the disease reach the island of Maui it would have a serious effect on the output of Hawaiian sugar.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE QUADRANGLE.



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MR. DOOLEY*

XVI.—ON THE AMERICAN ABROAD

"I WONDHER," said Mr. Dooley, "what me Dutch frind Oom Paul 'll think whin he hears that Willum Waldorf Astor has given four thousan' pounds, or twinty thousan' iv our money, as a conthribution to the British governmint?"

"Who's Willum Waldorf Astor?" Mr. Hennessy asked. "I niver heerd iv him."

"Ye wuddent," said Mr. Dooley. "He don't thravel in ye'er set. Willum Waldorf Astor is a gintleman that wanst committed the sin iv bein' bor-rn in this counthry. Ye know what orig-inal sin is, Hinnissy. Ye was bor-rn with wan, an' I was bor-rn with wan, an' ivirybody was bor-rn with wan. 'Twas took out iv me be Father Tuoby with holy wather first, and be me father aftherward with a sthrap. But I niver cud find out what it was. Th' sins I've committed since I'm sure iv. They're painted red, an' carry a bell, an' whin I'm awake in bed they stan' out on th' wall like th' illicthric signs they have down be State Sthreet in front iv th'clothin'-sthores. But I'll go to th' grave without knowin' exactly what th' black orig-inal sin was I committed. All I know is I done wrong. But with Willum Waldorf Astor 'tis diff'rent. I say 'tis diff'rent with Willum Waldorf Astor. His orig-inal sin was bein bor-rn in New York. He cuddent do anything about it. Nawthin' in this counthry wud wipe it out. He built a hotel intinded f'r jooks who had no sins b't thim iv their own makin', b't even th' sight in their haughty hills cud not efface th' stain. He thried to live down his crime, without success, an' he thried to live down to it be runnin' f'r Congress, b't it was no go. No matther where he wint among his counthrymen in England, some wan wud find out he was bor-rn in New York, an' th' man that owned th' house where he was spindin' th' night wud ast him if he was a cannibal, an' had he anny Indyan blood in his veins. 'Twas like seein' a fine-lookin' man with an intellecjal forehead an' handsome dar-rk brown eyes, an' admirin' him, an' thin larnin' his name is Mudd J. Higgins. His accent was proper an' his clothes didn't fit him right, b't he was not bor-rn in th' home iv his dayscindants, an' whin he walked th' sthreets iv London he knew iviry polisman was sayin': 'There goes a man that pretinds to be happy, b't a dark sorrow is gnawin' at his bosom. He looks as if he was at home, b't he was bor-rn in New York, Gawd help him!'

"So this poor way-worn sowl, afther thryin' ivry other rimidy, fr'm dr-rivin' a coach to failin' to vote, at las' sought out th' rile high clark in th' coort, an' says he, 'Behold,' he says, 'an onhappy man,' he says. 'With millyons in me pocket, two hotels, an' onlimited credit,' he says, 'me hear-rt is gray,' he says. 'Poor sowl!' says th' clark iv th' coort. 'What's 'atin' ye?' he says. 'Have ye committed some gr-reat crime?' he says.

"'Partly,' says Willum Waldorf Astor. 'It was partly me an' partly me folks,' he says. 'I was,' he says, in a voice broken by tears, 'I was,' he says, bor-rn in New York,' he says. Th' clark made th' sign iv th' cross, an' says he: 'Ye shuddent have come here,' he says. 'Poor, afflicted wretch,' he says, 'ye need a clargyman,' he says. 'Why did ye seek me out?' he says. 'Because,' says Willum Waldorf Astor, 'I wish,' he says, 'f'r

* Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.

to renounce me sinful life,' he says. 'I wish to be bor-rn anew,' he says. An' th' clark, being a kind man, helped him out. An' Willum Waldorf Astor renounced fealty to all foreign sovereigns, princes, an' potentates, an' especially Mack th' Wanst, or Twict, iv th' United States an' Sulu an' all his wur-ruks, an' he came out iv th' coort with his hat cocked over his eye, with a step jaunty and high, afther years iv servile freedom a bondman at last!

"So he's a citizen iv Gr-reat Britain now, an' a lile subject iv th' Queen, like you was, Hinnissy, befure ye was r-run out."

"I niver was," said Mr. Hennessy. "Sure th' Queen iv England was renounced f'r me long befure I did it f'r mesilf—to vote."

"Well, niver mind," Mr. Dooley continued. "He's a citizen iv England, an' he has a castle that's as big as a hotel, on'y nobody goes there excipt thim that's ast, an' not all of those; an' he owns a newspaper, an' th' editor iv it's th' Prince iv Wales, an' th' rayporthers is all jooks, an' th' Archbishop iv Canterbury r-runs th' ilivator, an' slug wan in the printin'-office is th' Impror iv Germany in disgeese. 'Tis a pa-aper I'd like to see. I'd like to know how th' Jook iv Marlbro 'd do th' McGovern fight. An' some day Willum Waldorf Astor 'll be able to wurruk f'r his own pa-aper, f'r he's going to be a earl or a markess or a jook or somethin' gran'. Ye can't be anny ov these things without money, Hinnissy, an' he has slathers iv it."

"Where does he git it?" demanded Mr. Hennessy.

"Fr'm this counthry," said Mr. Dooley.

"I shud think," Mr. Hennessy protested, stoutly, "if he's ashamed iv this counthry he wudden't want to take money fr'm it."

"That's where ye're wrong," Mr. Dooley replied. "Take money annywhere ye find it. I'd take money fr'm England, much as I despise that formerly haughty b't now dejected land, if I cud get anny from there. An' whin ye come down to it, I dinnaw as I blame him f'r shiftin' his allegiance. Ivry wan to his taste, as th' man said whin he dhrank out iv th' fire-extinguisher. It depinds on how ye feel. If ye ar-re a tired la-ad, an' wan without much fight in ye, livin' in this counthry is like thryin' to read th' Lives iv th' Saints at a meetin' iv th' Clan-na-Gael. They's no quiet f'r annybody. They's a fight on ivry minyit iv th' time. Ye may say to ye'ersilf: 'I'll lave these la-ads roll each other as much as they plaze, b't I'll set here in th' shade an' dhrink me milk punch;' b't ye can't do it. Some wan 'll say, 'Look at that gazabo settin' out there alone. He's too proud f'r to jine in our simple dimmycratic festivities. Lave us go over an' bat him on th' eye.' An' they do it. Now if ye have fightin' blood in ye'er veins ye hastily gulp down ye'er dhrink an' hand ye'er assailant wan that does him no kind iv good, an' th' first thing ye know ye're in th' thick iv it, an' it's scrap, scrap, scrap, till the undhertaker calls f'r to measure ye. An' 'tis tin to wan they's somethin' doin' at th' fun'ral that ye're sorry ye missed. That's life in America. 'Tis a gloryous big fight; a rough-and-tumble fight; a Donnybrook fair three thousan' miles wide, an' a ruction in ivry block. Head an' han's an' feet an' th' pitchers on th' wall. No holds barred. Fight fair, b't don't f'rget th' other la-ad may not know where th' belt-line is. No polisman in sight. A man's down with twinty on top iv him wan minyit. Th' next he's sittin' on th' pile usin' a baseball bat on th' neighbor next below him. 'Come on, boys, f'r 'tis growin' late, an' no one's been kilt yet. Glory be, b't this is th' life!'

"Now if I'm tired I don't want to fight. A man bats me in th' eye an' I call f'r th' polis. They isn't a polisman in sight. I say to th' man that poked me, 'Sir, I fain wud sleep.' 'Get up,' he says, 'an' be doin',' he says. 'Life is rale, life is earnest,' he says, 'an' man was made to fight,' he says, fetchin' me a kick. An' if I'm tired, I say, 'What's th' use? I've got plenty iv money in me inside pocket. I'll go to a place where they don't know how to fight. I'll go where I can get something b't an argymint f'r me money, an' where I won't have to rassle with th' man that bates me carpets ayether,' I says, 'f'r fifty cints overcharge or good governmint,' I says. An' I poke off to what Hogan calls th' effete monarchies iv Europe, an' no one walks on me toes, an' ivry man I give a dollar to becomes an acrobat, an' I live comfortably an' die a markess! Th' divvle I do!"

"That's what I was goin' to say," Mr. Hennessy remarked. "Ye wudden't live annywhere but here."

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "I wudden't. I'd rather be Dooley iv Chicago than th' Earl iv Peltville. It must be that I'm iv th' fightin' kind."

F. P. DUNNE.

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Its spirals high,
And all its flakes
Of flame to me
Are rosy leaves
That whirl and fly
When autumn shakes
The blazing tree.

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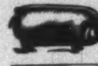

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Shall Senators be Chosen by the People?

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE House of Representatives of the Fifty-fifth Congress, by a vote of 185 to 11, 159 not voting on the resolution, did its part towards proposing to the States an amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for the election of Senators by the people. To be exact, the proposed amendment, if adopted, would authorize the States to elect either as they do now, by the Legislature, or, if they desired, by popular vote. In case it was decided in any State to adopt the method of popular election, it was provided by this amendment that a plurality should elect. There was also a provision made for the temporary appointment of Senators by the Executive in the event of a vacancy.

It is evident from this vote in the last House of Representatives, and from the number of proposed amendments providing for the election of Senators by the people, that the subject is interesting a good many people.

PENDING AMENDMENTS

At least a half-score of proposed amendments to the Constitution on this subject are now pending before Congress. Mr. Corliss and Mr. Sulzer have reintroduced the resolution which passed the House of Representatives of the Fifty-fifth Congress; other members of the House have offered resolutions providing for an amendment simply changing the method of choosing to a popular election, without giving to the States themselves any choice in the matter, as the Corliss amendment does. All the proposed amendments seek to do away with the existing limitation upon the power of the Governor to appoint in case of the happening of a vacancy, by reason of which a State has more than once been deprived of its full representation in the Senate.

There are many reasons why the idea that there should be a change in the method of electing United States Senators has gained possession of the minds of the people who are really interested in good government. In the first place, the admitted deterioration of the Senate has made reform desirable. We have men in the Senate who are simply bosses, and other men who are simply rich. In the brief of the counsel who oppose the seating of Mr. Quay there occurs the following: "Deriving its own existence from and maintaining that existence under the provisions of the Constitution, the Senate is not at liberty to pass upon the qualification of its membership upon general principles of good-fellowship. It is not a social club, where members are to be chosen because of their companionable qualities, their virtues, or their amiabilities." Among the counsel who sign this brief is ex-Senator Edmunds. He knows the Senate and the modern Senator; and yet it did not need this cynical suggestion to remind all who know it well that there is a feeling, which has even found expression, that the Senate is a club, and even a club of rich men. A Senatorship has come to be looked upon as the crowning glory by many men who have been successful in money-making. It gives them the public position which they like, and which they can secure more readily in some of our States by the employment of wealth than by the votes of their fellow-citizens. A campaign in a Legislature is much less irksome to a man who is able to buy his ease, and who enjoys the comforts which he assumes that he has earned; but the practice which rich men have recently pursued, of seeking the honors of a Senatorship for themselves, and the consequent social position for their families, is one that often taints with scandal not only the participants in the election, but the Senate itself. If the scandals are unjust, it is nevertheless true that men reach the Senate concerning whom nothing is known except that they are wealthy, and charges of bribery have been made against certain Senators of so circumstantial and so convincing a character that the Senate itself has been forced to take notice of them. Even now we are witnessing another investigation of the charge that a Senator has secured his election through the corrupt use of money. It would be obviously unfair to judge this charge in advance of the hearing; but it is perfectly fair to make the observation that no one would be surprised if the charge should be sustained, and that it is made clear that bribery is not unknown in Montana by the evidence already offered—being the testimony of members of the Legislature, who produce what they say is the identical bribe-money offered to them by Mr. Clark's agent—and by the general local moral atmosphere surrounding the case. In fact, it may be said to be the common belief, when a rich man enters the Senate, that he has bought his honor. Within a comparatively few years three Ohio Senators have been formally charged with securing their seats by the corrupt use of money. Undoubtedly some of these charges are false; probably some are true. At any rate, a good many people are of the opinion that Senator-

ships have been purchased from venal Legislatures, and while they admit that party conventions may also be bribed, they know that it would be more difficult to corrupt the larger body of men, except in States where parties are absolutely under "boss" rule, and that, in any event, a plurality of the voters of the State must ratify the choice of a convention, while the action of the Legislature is final.

WOULD THE SENATE BE IMPROVED?

Whether the Senate would be improved or not is a serious question. As a rule, it does not seem as if the Governors of the States were better than the Senators from the same States. In the New England States, for example, they are distinctly inferior. It is true, however, that, by reason of the fact that the people have a voice in the selection of Governors, the "better element" has occasionally to be "pandered to," and good men are nominated *per force* of public opinion. It may fairly be presumed, therefore, that if Senators were elected directly by the people we should occasionally secure exceptional men for that body who, for various reasons not altogether disconnected with the whims or plans of a machine, could not possibly become Senators under the existing system.

On the other hand, many men become Senators by the favor of Legislatures who could not possibly secure an election by the people. There are men in the present Senate who are probably aware that if they were to appeal to the people they would remain at home. I do not want to seem to make invidious distinctions, but it is my belief that neither Mr. Thomas C. Platt, nor Mr. Hanna, nor Mr. Quay would be elected to the Senate if the choice rested with the people of their respective States. The fault may rest with the people. I am not discussing the merits of these gentlemen, but I am stating a fact which will be accepted as such by most impartial students of contemporaneous American politics. By reason of the late deadlock in the Kentucky Legislature an utterly unknown man was chosen Senator as a compromise—a man of whom no one could have dreamed as a candidate to be presented and advocated by his party before the people. The people of Kentucky defeated Goebel, the Democratic candidate for Governor, but they elected a Democratic majority to the Legislature, and that body now chooses as Senator the most offensive advocate of Goebel and Goebelism in the State. In 1892 the State of New York gave to Grover Cleveland a plurality of 45.518, and at the same time elected a Democratic majority to the Legislature. This majority made Edward Murphy, Jr., United States Senator. The year following his election the State went Republican. Does any one imagine that Richard Croker could be elected Senator by New York State? Does any one doubt that a Legislature controlled by Democrats of his stripe would not hesitate a moment to make him Senator if he should demand the honor? Therefore, while it is true in general that the Governors are as good men as the Senators, it is also true that by popular elections we should sometimes obtain exceptional men for the Senate, just as we now occasionally obtain an exceptional man for Governor. And it is also true that some men have been and are in the Senate whom the people would have never elected, and that others may enter through a door opened by a subservient Legislature who could not possibly face the ordeal of a popular election. In concluding this feature of the subject, I think I may state it as a general rule—which may have some exceptions, of course—that men are never nominated for the office of Governor who have not had a political career, who have not performed public service, while men are frequently elected to the Senate who have never before performed any public service whatever, who have not earned one of the highest honors of the State by service in humbler places.

INJUSTICE TO THE STATE

Although, under the Constitution, and the interpretation put upon it by the Senate itself, a State may be deprived of a Senator by the failure of a Legislature to perform its duty and fill a vacancy, it was the intention of the framers of the Constitution that each State should always have two Senators in Congress. Hamilton stated in the *Federalist* "equality of representation in the Senate" as one of the essential features in the plan of the Constitution, as it related to the organization of that body. But more than once a State has been left without a Senator by reason of the failure of the Legislature to elect. Pennsylvania and Delaware have, at the present time, only one Senator each. Delaware has had this unfortunate experience for some time, all owing to the efforts of Addicks to secure the seat—another man, by-the-way, who is seeking the highest honor without having performed a single public service; a new man, a rich man, and one who, justly or unjustly, is charged with corrupt practices. Since the formation of the government, sixteen men have been appointed by Governors to fill vacancies in the United States Senate. Of these, eight have been refused their seats by the Senate, and, for a time at least, the eight States were therefore represented by half the number of Senators to which they were entitled. It is easy to imagine any number of complications that may arise in the future to deprive States of their full representation—complications that could not possibly arise if Senators were chosen by the people, and if vacancies were temporarily filled by the Governor whenever they occurred.

These are the strongest arguments that are made in behalf of the proposed change. The principal argument in behalf of the present system is that if Legislatures are to be denuded of all their powers and responsibilities they will sink lower than they are now. But, as a matter of fact, the chief duty of a State Legislature is to make laws for the State, the most important legislative duty under our form of government, for it is by the laws of the State that the individual is governed. There is a serious injury to the true work of the State Legislature whenever the whole or a large part of a session is devoted to a campaign for a Senatorship—as has been recently the case in Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. But this point opens up a wide field for speculation, not the least consideration being the effect which would be produced on the character of State legislators if they should cease to be counters in the Senatorial game.

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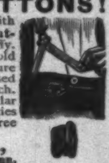

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News of Warfare

I.—IN THE PHILIPPINES

GENERAL MACARTHUR reported on January 17 that there had been encounters with the insurgents at six widely separated points in the territory north of Manila Bay; and again on the 18th evidence of the turbulent conditions in that part of Luzon came from the same source. A strong position west of Mabalacat was captured by McRae with the Third Infantry, the enemy leaving a lieutenant and four men dead in the trenches. Several prisoners, 130 rifles, and several thousand rounds of ammunition fell into the hands of our men.

General Young, at Vigan, reported a number of successful skirmishes in the northern mountains with remnants of insurgent organizations and robber bands.

As for the campaign in the southern provinces of the same island, we have to note that the cavalry of General Schwan's column were refitting at Batangas to move eastward on the 19th. The infantry were already proceeding in that direction, and the enemy of course retiring before them with loss of men and property, though not without inflicting more or less punishment. "Our casualties few," General Otis said; "mostly slight wounds." On January 19, six officers, fifty-four enlisted men, four civil employees, and eleven friars—all Spanish prisoners released by General Schwan—arrived in Manila from Batangas, and the day before nearly two hundred had reached the capital, coming *viâ* Calamba.

General Hughes had not yet succeeded in putting an end to the revolt in portions of the island of Panay. The latest advices showed that the enemy there were pursuing the guerilla tactics which marked the operations of the Tagálogs.

Clever work was done by a part of General Wheaton's brigade in southwestern Luzon. Major Johnson, commanding a battalion of the Forty-sixth Infantry, drove the enemy through Balayang eastward on the morning of the 18th, capturing a number of rifles and a field-piece; then, pressing forward through Calaca, where he also inflicted serious losses, he found himself, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, confronted by a strongly intrenched force of natives at Lemery. A naval gunboat thereupon summoned assistance from Batangas; in response, three companies of Major Muir's battalion, Thirty-eighth Regiment, were sent to attack the enemy's headquarters at Taal from the east, while Johnson, clearing the trenches and driving the Lemery contingent before him, attacked the opposite portion of the city. The enemy, thus caught between two rapidly moving bodies of troops, and receiving swift blows simultaneously on the east and west, were thoroughly dispersed, leaving four field-pieces and a quantity of rifles in the hands of our men. Major Johnson's casualties were one man killed and three wounded.

General Schwan meanwhile was swinging his troops on the important town of Santa Cruz, on the eastern shore of Laguna de Bay. There, it was reported, the enemy had a large force; but when Schwan arrived he met no opposition.

On January 24 General Otis reported that the western coast of Panay was open for trade, and that the coast of Laguna de Bay and neighboring sections of the country would also be opened to unrestricted traffic on the 27th. Between the 20th and 23d General MacArthur reported four minor engagements. Major Bishop of the Thirty-sixth Infantry, when in northern Zambales with a detachment of sixty men, attacked two insurgent companies, killed nine, wounded and captured fourteen, and had three men wounded. General Young reported an action in which the Third Cavalry inflicted very heavy loss on the insurgents of the Luzon highlands, and in the same despatch reference was made to an engagement be-

tween Dodd's troop and insurgents near Santa Lucia.

All together, not a little fighting in a few days.

II.—IN SOUTH AFRICA

General Clery, with a part of General Warren's force, was in action from 6 A.M. until 7 P.M. on January 20. By a judicious use of his artillery he was able to fight his way up, capturing ridge after ridge, for about three miles. Nevertheless, the main Boer position, barring General Buller's way in this latest effort to reach Ladysmith, was so strongly held that little advantage seemed to have been secured by the British. All of the next day General Warren was engaged, chiefly on his left, which he had swung forward about two miles. The ground was difficult; the fighting all uphill. In order to relieve the pressure of this resistance and to ascertain the strength of the Boers in their position in front of Potgieter's Drift, General Lyttleton had made a reconnoissance in force on the 20th, but no such co-operation was referred to in the despatches regarding the second day's stubborn fight. The next move was disclosed in one of the most extraordinary despatches ever made public at a critical moment, to increase the anxiety of the general's friends if not to forewarn his enemies. "Warren holds the position he gained two days' ago," Buller telegraphed on January 23. "In front of him, at about 1400 yards, is the enemy's position, west of Spion Kop. It is on higher ground than Warren's position, so it is impossible to see it properly. It can be approached only over bare open slopes, and the ridges held by Warren are so steep that guns cannot be placed on them. . . . *An attempt will be made to-night* to seize Spion Kop, the salient of which forms the left of the enemy's position, facing Trichard's Drift, which divides it from the position facing Potgieter's Drift. It has considerable command over all the enemy's intrenchments."

After this, even the story of a victory would have seemed to be almost an anticlimax; the despatches which actually followed, however, possessed an interest still more intense, and, we may add, more dreadful. General Buller sent word from Spearman's Camp, in the first hour of January 25, that General Warren's troops on Tuesday night, January 23, had occupied Spion Kop, *surprising the small garrison*, who fled; that the position had been held by the British all day, though they were heavily attacked, especially by a very annoying shell-fire. General Buller expressed the fear that the casualties among the men subjected to the annoyance just mentioned were considerable, and he added, with regret, that General Woodgate was dangerously wounded. Yes, but "the men are splendid!" he exclaimed at the end of his despatch; and these concluding words could scarcely have been better chosen if there had been a skilful design to intensify the distressful significance of his next message to the War Office, dated at Spearman's Camp, Thursday, January 25, noon: "General Warren's garrison, I am sorry to say, I find this morning, had in the night abandoned Spion Kop." Unofficial accounts, referring to the occurrence with less constraint, while of course they could not fully depict this overthrow, yet sufficed to indicate a disaster which seemed at the moment to epitomize all the half-learned lessons of very noble British daring and very pitiful British blundering. Warren's men had been under a shell-fire so incessant and so accurate that they were mowed down by hundreds. The kopje proved to be only a small part of the Boer defences; it did not dominate, but was itself hopelessly dominated. The slight resistance which had been offered to the attacking party proved to be, in fact, just an invitation. No sooner had Warren settled down in the captured trenches than a tornado of shell and shrapnel from a high plateau disclosed the superior position of batteries which the Boers until that moment had refused to unmask. The same hands had constructed the trenches and placed the batteries; tempting defensive works were with unerring skill put at the mercy of Boer gunners, and at the service of the "splendid men" The Boers had the range to an inch; without guns to reply, the entrapped force could only lie in the trenches, suffering and dying without power to strike a blow, waiting for darkness to cover a retreat.

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When the Summer bloom is dead,
And Autumn's hectic flush has fled,
One apparition soft and sweet—
Where the wood and meadow meet—
Recalls the reign of sun and shower
By its bounteous wealth of flower.

This strangely sent luxuriance
Makes fair the ledge and straggling fence,
Braving the cold, defying fear,
It comes to crown the fading year
Whose sands, now ebbing faint and slow,
Approach Death's coverlet of snow.

Other blossoms there are none,
Children they of rain and sun;
These alone spread their array
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The World of Finance

THE uncertainties of the war in South Africa have been keeping the speculative world in a state of suspense, and stock-markets have been generally dull of late, awaiting the turn of events to produce fluctuations in prices. Of course the centre of anxiety has been in London, but operations there produce an effect wherever the same securities are dealt in. The New York market has been little agitated, but it has shared in the waiting mood, and activity has been confined mainly to professional operators and to speculative stocks. The fact seems to be that the general public has been holding aloof from stock operations since the new year came in. There was much suffering of the unwary from the reaction and the severe liquidation of December, and those who have money left for investment have become wary, and are investing it instead of gambling with it.

In the money-market there has been increasing ease all around. The Bank of England, after getting its gold reserve in a satisfactory condition, let down its discount rate to 4 per cent., and loans in the open market of London were below that figure. Money on call got down to 1½ and 2 per cent. at times, and consols rose above par for the first time in some months. The same conditions were reflected in Paris, where the Bank rate was put back to 3½ per cent. and the loan-market was in a state of comfortable ease; but France has been the least disturbed of countries by recent financial changes. This is attributed by some to the comparative independence of the Bank of France, which is less entangled with foreign operations than that of England, and can always hold its gold-supply by having the option of offering to pay its notes in silver.

The money-market in New York has been affected mainly by domestic conditions, and exchange with foreign countries has remained steady and quiet. The banks have gained steadily in funds since the beginning of the year, through the return of currency from the interior and the continued deposits of government receipts from internal revenue, and have strengthened their reserves. The result has been lower rates for loans, which have been 5 per cent. or less on time, and less severe scrutiny of securities put up as collateral, though there is still a disposition to accept the newer "industrials" with caution. The comparative ease of the money-market has had little effect upon the Stock Exchange. Speculation has been confined chiefly to those industrial shares whose value is not based upon clear calculation, and which are affected by rumor and surmise or by manipulation, actual or expected. Local gas and transit stocks are subject to similar influences and figure in speculative operations, being mysteriously affected more by the fortunes of war in Africa than by knowledge of what the companies are earning. Standard railroad shares are steady and inactive, because nowadays they are mostly held for investment and represent an ascertainable earning value.

Reports of railroad earnings continue favorable. A compilation for the year 1899, partly based upon estimates, show a total for the country of more than $1,200,000,000; but still more significant is a gain of $130,000,000 over the previous year, which showed a gain of $90,000,000 over 1897. The increase since 1896 has been fully $300,000,000. The gain in railroad traffic has been almost wholly due to greater prosperity in the industry and trade of the country, as up to last year there had been little addition to the mileage and practically no increase in rates. The recent readjustment of the classification of freight by the trunk lines, with a view to improving the average of rates, has caused considerable dissatisfaction among shippers, and the committee which devised the schedules has been listening to complaints and promising to correct anything shown to be unfair or inequitable. Incidents indicating the tendency to a harmonious operation of the larger railroad systems continue to be reported. One of these is the entrance of such a prominent capitalist and financier as Mr. D. O. Mills into the directorates of the Southern Pacific and the New York Central almost simultaneously, while rumors are abroad of the possible lease of the Union Pacific by the Chicago & Northwestern, which is an appurtenance of the Vanderbilt system.

There is no cessation of activity in the leading manufacturing industries, and in iron and steel there is still an expansion of facilities for production, especially in the Alabama region. The demand for new rails and other railroad equipment and for structural steel gives promise of new orders for some time, some of which are beginning to come again from foreign countries, notwithstanding the recent advance in prices. Cotton manufacturing in the South is also on the increase, while the Northern mills are enjoying a prosperity unknown for several years before. There is, apparently, much less apprehension than usual of disturbance from the political agitation of a Presidential year, and there is a general looking forward to a continuance of "good times."

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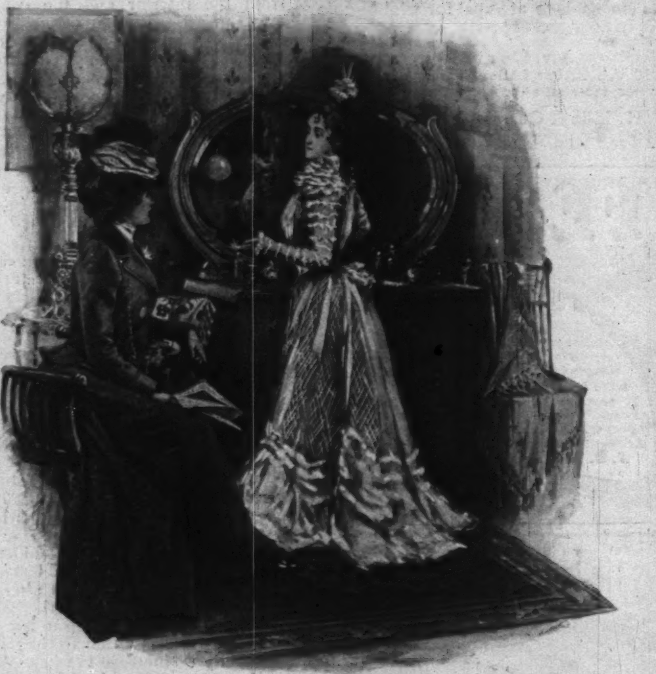

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